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SAN FRANCISCO



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BRITISH, AND TO THE DEVELOPMENT OF CALIFORNIA.
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CHAS. B. SEDGWICK - - - Editor and Manager.

LORD KITCHENER'S adoption of stern measures in dealing with Boers caught in acts of treachery has given rise to much adverse comment in European and American newspapers. The gist of the criticisms is that the burning of farms which are found to be harboring the enemy is a measure unnecessarily harsh and barbarous, though nothing is said of the barbarity of the Boers in first putting themselves under the shelter of the white flag and then, as opportunity offers, shooting down their unsuspecting foe in cold blood. Such instances of base treachery have become so numerous of late that the British commanders have in self-protection been forced to adopt the salutary measures complained of. Nor are they without precedent, these carping critics notwithstanding. The Germans were ruthless in inflicting punishment of this sort for offenses of a like nature committed during the Franco-German war. Not only did they burn the farms of the hostile French, but without scruple executed every man out of uniform who was caught with a gun. Archibald Forbes, who was a great admirer of the Germans, makes numerous references to this practice in his "Experiences of the War between France and Germany." One sentence reads:

"We tracked back toward St. Menchould, and then north to Vouziers, where we saw franc tireurs shot and the villages burnt in which they had fired on the German patrols."

And, humanely as the war between the North and South was supposed to have been conducted, the practice was not unknown in this country during that deplorable conflict. In the *London Times* we notice the following extract from an official report made by Major-General Sheridan to the United States Secretary of War:

"WOODSTOCK, Va., 9 P. M., Oct. 7, 1864.

"Lieut-General U. S. Grant,—I have the honor to report my command at this point tonight. I commenced moving back from Port Republic Mount Crawford, Bridgewater and Harrisonburg yesterday morning.

"The grain and forage in advance of these points had been previously destroyed. In moving back to this point the whole country from the Blue Ridge to the North Mountain has been rendered untenable for a rebel army.

"I have destroyed over two thousand barns filled with wheat and hay and farming implements, over seventy mills filled with flour and wheat, have driven in front of this army four herd of stock, and have killed and issued to the troops not less than three thousand sheep.

"This destruction embraces the Luray Valley and Little Fort Valley, as well as the Main Valley.

"Lieutenant John R. Meigs, my engineer officer, was murdered beyond Harrisonburg, near Dayton. For this atrocious act all the houses within an area of five miles were burned.

P. H. SHERIDAN, Major-General."

Never have the British wreaked on the Boers such wholesale vengeance as this, albeit the provocation has very often been much greater. James G. Stowe, the United States Consul-General at Cape Town, bears testimony to the leniency with which the British commanders punish Boer outrages. In a press interview he says: "All this talk about burning farms is buncombe. The only farms which are destroyed are farms from which shots are fired at the British, or those which are obviously used to shelter the Boers."

THAT the British-born voters on the Pacific Coast, and, in fact, all over the country, did their duty on election day the overwhelming majority by which President McKinley has been returned to office bears silent but unmistakable evidence. The party whose leader blasphemously invoked the Divine wrath against Great Britain, and whose example gave birth to the heinous toast, "To hell with the British wherever they are," has, as we predicted, been laid in the dust. The most humiliating and ignoble defeat which a political body could suffer has befallen the Democratic party as a result of its rabid anti British principles. That the British vote was a powerful factor in the Democratic overthrow is known to no one better than to Bryan and his fellow Briton-haters. Districts never before carried by the Republicans went strongly for McKinley on November 6th, and there is the best of evidence that the Republican gains represented exactly the British vote which hitherto had been Democratic. The press does not say much about it, fearing to give recognition to this new element, but inasmuch as it exists, and the press and politician know that it exists, the desired end is attained. They will think twice before again insulting their fellow-citizens of British birth.

We trust it will never again be our unpleasant duty to take the stand we adopted in the recent campaign. We trust it will be possible for us—in what little we may have to say on political matters—to advise our readers to go to the polls as plain American citizens, and loyally cast their ballot in the best interests of the country. We trust there will be no more anti-British crusades to call forth our protest.

But if there are, our friends, and foes too, may rest assured that we shall not hesitate to combat the evil to the best of our ability. And we say this with a full realization of the obligations which citizenship has imposed upon us: also, with a keen appreciation of the prerogatives which go with citizenship. As guests, we must in good taste be mute on matters political, but as citizens we have a perfect right to fight back when our interests are assailed or our sensibilities affronted.

THE *Call* says: "We could crush the British Empire like an eggshell." Possibly; but until we are through with the Filipinos it might be as well not to do too much bragging about it, for those kinsmen of ours across the pond have a keen sense of the ridiculous, and are loth to forego the enjoyment of a good joke, even when it is at the expense of a dear friend.

THE dismissal of a professor from Stanford University because of his radical treatment of certain political and sociological questions has created much discussion, not a little indignation, and a widespread sympathy for the man whose independence of thought has caused him to suffer. We do not propose to enter into the right or wrong of Mrs. Stanford's action; to us it seems that much may be said on both sides, and still no equitable conclusion reached. Clearly a teacher should have the right to declare his honest convictions on any subject he may have under discussion; logically, also, the institution, individual, or interests assailed are not to be denied the right of self-protection. What we wish to point out is, that Dr. Ross, while he has much reason to regret that the world is not what it should be, has no ground for complaint against Stanford University in withdrawing him. A man would not expect to be allowed to preach Methodism from a Presbyterian pulpit, nor a writer to advocate the doctrine of free trade in a protectionist organ. And the right or wrong of the tenets held by these differing schools does not enter into the argument. True, Dr. Ross is unpartisan, the advocate of no school, other than the broad one of correct science, but his principles are the principles of Collectivism as opposed to Individualism, and Individualism is the fundamental idea running through every law, custom and institution of this country. If Stanford were an entirely public property, as is the University of California, the will of the people, as expressed in the laws and forms of government, would declare against the doctrines promulgated by Dr. Ross. Not but what these teachings are right. They are not only correct, but, in our opinion, hold the only solution to the social and economic problems which trouble the age; and some future generation, more enlightened than the present, will give them universal adoption. But the time is not yet, and the old system will not die without a struggle.

Dr. Ross is a reformer, and as such must expect to share the common lot of reformers. He cannot hope to calmly walk into the citadel of the enemy and with the enemy's own munitions accomplish his overthrow—and, meanwhile, be handsomely paid for doing it. Were it that easy half the world would be reformers, and the army of truth-seekers would be sufficiently formidable to accomplish something. As it is, the road to betterment is a lonely one, and one beset with the cruellest hardships. Rather than face it, the average man of intellect and conviction—be he teacher, preacher, writer or statesman—quietly surrenders to dominant influence and an easy life.

Dr. Ross' courageous stand is highly commendable, but he takes the first step toward weakening in complaining.

DOUGLAS STORY sends to American and British papers the following not very flattering account of the "Irish Brigade" in South Africa:

"Most ruffianly of all the alien commandoes were the Irish brigades under Col. Blake and Col. Lynch. They were Irish only in name, and were composed of the off-scourings of the convict prisons. The Boers dreaded them, and the government detailed detectives to serve with the corps. The most exciting night that I spent in the Transvaal was one when, for three hours, I was stalked by the entire Irish commando along the long platform of Elandsfontein. They were all sodden with drink, several were mad with delirium tremens, they had lost every one of their officers, and they had not the most distant idea as to what part of the compass they were bound for. The previous night they had stabbed to death an Englishman because he would not drink confusion to the Queen. Of these, and such as these, are they who now seek 'preference in the distribution of permits to return.'"

EXPERTS on feminine foibles have always told us that there was no cure for womanly curiosity, and until the other day, when a Parisian lady committed suicide in order to find out what was beyond the grave, we believed them. Now it becomes apparent to the least discerning mind that the malady, in this aggravated form at least, happily carries with it its own remedy.

THAT Sacramento aspirant to a seat in the State Senate, who in an open air harangue announced that he did not want the vote of any Englishman, was taken at his word—and defeated.

THE French are a theatrical people, fond of making a noise and attracting attention. But they are scarcely to be taken seriously. If they were really anxious to go to war with Great Britain they would not have let pass the opportunity which the Fashoda incident presented, nor would they have hesitated to actively espouse the cause of the Boers at the time when it seemed there was a possibility of England's foes proving too much for her. That the French have a deep and unrelenting hatred of the British is no secret. Neither is it a secret that that hatred is impotent. The French themselves are perfectly cognizant of the humiliating fact, and it is extremely doubtful if they would ever be able to muster sufficient courage to again fight the British—except in their newspapers and on the Paris boulevards. The fact of the matter is that the French recognize in the British their masters. They have been defeated so often by the sturdy hosts of the island kingdom that all hope of ever evening up matters with their ancient adversary has left them. More than once has the victorious Mr. Atkins marched through the streets of their capital, while the French have never done better than make a few ineffective landings on British soil. One-half of Britain's battles during the last eight hundred years have been with the French. On land and on sea, on French soil and on British soil, in Belgium, Spain, Germany, Italy, Egypt, America and the West Indies, Briton and Gaul have measured swords and tested cannon, with the result that out of a total of 217 important battles the British have won 184—a proportion of six victories for every engagement lost.

This record is one not calculated to kindle a love for the conqueror in the hearts of the vanquished. Even the philosophic and generous-spirited Anglo-Saxon would find forgiveness rather difficult in the same circumstances, and it becomes the fortunate nation to treat with magnanimous toleration the periodical outbursts of resentment on the part of the beaten foe. The French have always fought well and fairly; there is no disgrace in their overthrow, and the British are the last to despise them for having failed. At the same time a check on this childish fuming over the inevitable, and a cultivation of manly fortitude and stoical resignation would lend to France a greater dignity, and by strengthening its moral fibre would help to offset the tendencies to degeneracy so sadly manifest in this once great, and still worthy, nation.

THAT the modern John Bull is not a whit behind the Yankee in enterprise the following news item, which we take from a reliable English paper, will serve to show:

"A Lincolnshire firm of teamen, in order to accelerate business, sell their tea at 2s. 2d. per pound, and each married woman who purchases the tea is given a guarantee that if she becomes a widow she is, while remaining a widow, entitled to a pension of 10 s. per week. The enterprising teamen have over 1,000 widows on their books, and the soundness of the scheme having been questioned, they made public the fact that they were turning over more than £150,000 per annum—admittedly by this draw. As for the widows, it is said they are each receiving their 10s. a week."

Now the meanly-disposed critic will at once say that the quality of the tea was undoubtedly instrumental in assisting these 1,000 thrifty ladies to receive their neat little pension. But if you look at it from the teaman's point of view it will be readily seen that it was not to his advantage to kill off a consumer of his goods, to say nothing about the attendant penalty. No, the scheme is unquestionably a good one for both parties to the bargain, and deserves mention as the most novel idea in insurance up to date.

THE *Examiner* felicitates itself on having made another remarkable discovery. It begins a full page article on the affair in this wise: "Fashion and physiology have had another mix-up. The kangaroo girl is the result. She is the latest addition to the human menagerie. She is distinctly the smart girl of the moment. She is the girl with the new kangaroo shape." Here a picture of the latest style in female forms divine interposes, and the *Examiner's* attempted sensation at once falls flat. It is no discovery at all. We easily recognize in the alleged "new" kangaroo girl our old familiar friend the fly girl.

GALLANT old Buller can eat his Christmas dinner where he pleases this year, anyway.

JUST what object the Republican press of the United States can have in its silly attempt to depreciate British industry and commerce is not apparent. Were the presidential election still in the future all this clap-trap about the decline of British trade could be understood, for it is the usual thing; the decay of "free-trade England" having been the stock argument of the American protectionist for the past fifty years. But what good purpose can misrepresentation serve at this late day?

Of course, the "intelligence" of Britain's commercial deterioration comes ostensibly from London, and is invariably communicated to the New York "Sun," from which paper it is purchased second-hand and at cheap rates by the lesser American papers, who retail it out to their readers under scare headlines, such as "American competition Alarms Britons."

Now, we get all sorts of British papers, but we have never noticed in any of them anything which would warrant the "Sun's" assertion that: "The alarm, not to say panic, which prevails in several important branches of British industry on account of the enormous growth of American Competition now occupies the foremost place in public attention. It is discussed on all platforms by leaders of opinion and is the chief topic in the serious press."

When we were in London we well remember that the young man whose misfortune it was to represent the "Sun" in that city in the capacity of correspondent acquired a reputation for veracity second only to that enjoyed by the late Mr. Ananias. All decent society and every city club tabooed him on account of his lying propensities. In self-defense the poor fellow protested that he was not responsible for the scandalous correspondence which appeared in the "Sun" under his name, but he was not believed. Since we have gained an insight into the methods of American newspapers, however, we are inclined to the belief that the young man was partly, if not wholly innocent.

There undeniably has, at times, been some little uneasiness among British manufacturers over the appearance of American competition in what had formerly been their exclusive markets. But nothing serious has ever developed from the "invasion," and it is doubtful if there is now in British trade centers even uneasiness, let alone "alarm" and "panic." There was the Athara Bridge excitement, but it has proved to be a solitary case of its kind. It was unprofitable to the contractors, and therefore, not a legitimate trade conquest. There was lately a big talk about American boots capturing the British markets, but the editor of the "Boots and Shoes Record" tells us that: "The explanation is to be found in the preference of the public for American designs; this, however, is probably a passing fashion, and just as the craze in America for shoes of English shape is met by American manufacturers copying our styles, so can we copy theirs."

It is not a question of workmanship or cost of production. A year ago we were told that American firms had captured the Birmingham gun trade. True, the attempt was made, but according to the United States Consul, Marshall Halstead, at that place, in a communication to Washington, "a whole shipment of American double breech-loading shotguns, sent to England, either burst or bulged when subjected to the Birmingham proof house test."

Now, much as we all wish Uncle Sam well, and delight to see him go ahead, no matter who is hurt, we submit that there is no sense in deception. The American will make better progress under a correct comprehension of his true position in the industrial world, and it is an outrage on the part of the press to attempt by specious arguments to make him believe the world is at his mercy. It was partly due to this silly assumption that the shipbuilding industry in this country declined, and the same mistake lost us our growing carrying trade.

If it is to annoy the British that these certain American papers indulge in this nonsense, then they fail of their intention. A few croakers in Great Britain affect to be taking the bluff seriously, and for ulterior purposes, but the people and interests concerned know what's what. Facts speak for themselves. Mr. J. F. Lee, a reliable authority, finds that by comparing 1899 with 1895, the whole foreign trade of the United Kingdom has increased by £112,233,645. Does this look like a decline? In this connection he says: "It is claimed by newspaper statisticians that the exports of Russia increased 17.35 per cent. in the past 25 years, whilst those of Great Britain increased only 13.7 per cent., but they carefully avoid

stating what the money equivalent was in each case. If a storekeeper increased his income from \$1,000 a year to \$2,000, he could boast that he had made an increase of 100 per cent. whilst his neighbor who was doing a business of \$20,000 a year and who increased his income to \$25,000, showing an increase five times as great in money, could only point to 25 per cent. increase. Between 1870 and 1895 the exports of the United States, we are advised, increased 110.16 per cent. This looks enormous and makes the ultra-patriotic breast swell with pride to the extent of producing a form of emotional insanity. The fact, and it is a stern one, however, is that in 1895 the United States' total export was £34,000,000 less than Britain's total in 1870 and £60,000,000 less than Britain's total in 1895. This teaches us that percentages are misleading when they are used to cover up the actual facts.

"As regards coal and iron ore, the British Empire in 1898 produced 38 per cent. of the world's coal, and the measure of a nation's industrial activity is in its consumption, rather than its production, of crude iron."

THE only break, so far as we are aware, in the solid phalanx which characterized the attitude of the British-American voters during the campaign, occurred in Spokane, Washington. It appears that Mr. W. A. Aldrich, President of the British Benevolent Society of Spokane, contributed to the "Spokesman Review" an article in which he expressed the personal opinion that the British-Americans would vote for McKinley—giving reasons for his belief. A number of Spokane Britishers, fearful lest this outspoken truth might offend some of the pro-Boers, hastily drew up and signed a disclaimer, which they sent to the press. A bit of a stir was the result, and there was general perplexity as to what it all meant. No one had asked these dissenting Britishers to give their views, and it was thought they must be in sympathy with Bryan. But this they would not admit. What then was their object in making such a fuss about a matter which did not concern them? We have read Mr. Aldrich's article, and plainly he speaks for no one but himself. He had a perfect right to express his opinion as to the duty of the British-American citizen, and we glory in his spunk in doing so. Does the anti-British element hesitate to express its views, or advise its followers?

It seems to us that we have among us on this Coast a number of so-called Britishers who are afraid to call their souls their own. They have been so brow-beaten and spat upon and kicked—and have submitted to it—that there is little or no manhood left in them. They seem to think it necessary to apologize every time they hear the word British mentioned. Only secretly dare they indulge their sentiments, as though the circumstance of their birth were a crime.

When fear of this sort creeps into a man's heart he becomes an abject and useless thing, and were better out of the world, for he is a disgrace to it.

We are not disparaging discretion, nor are we unmindful of the fact that there is wisdom in being politic. Some fools rush to the other extreme and deservingly make of themselves and their fellow-countrymen objects of derision. But we do say that when a body of unoffending people are made a target for the vilest abuse, as have been the British by a certain element in the United States during recent years, then they owe it to their manhood to resent the outrage by any lawful means at their command. Are we to be lower than the humble worm and never turn? Are we to become as spiritless as Chinamen, hooted and pelted through the streets by the hate-driven mob? To such depths of abjection we would quickly degenerate were the example of the Spokane Britishers in question to be generally emulated.

IN Eastern newspapers of recent date appears this dispatch, dated New York: "Thomas Sherman, of Jersey City, is in a critical condition at the Jersey City Hospital, from a wound received at the hands of John Cunningham, last night. The trouble grew out of a dispute as to whether the Indians or the Irish were the first settlers of America."

In all probability the dispute will spread and end in a vigorous anti-Indian crusade.

THERE is this difference between Cronje's and Bryan's punishment. Cronje is exiled only temporarily; Bryan is banished to the political St. Helena for life.

MR. JAMES BARNES, an American who has followed the British Army in the capacity of newspaper correspondent, comes forward with an emphatic denial of Richard Harding Davis' calumnious attack on the British officers who were made prisoners at Pretoria. Mr. Davis, in an article in *Scribner's Magazine*, among other things said:

"The British officers, in their contempt for their captors, behaved in a most unsportsmanlike, ungentlemanly, and, for their own good, a most foolish manner. They drew offensive caricatures of the Boers on the walls of the schoolhouse, destroyed the children's copy-books and text-books, and were rude and 'cheeky' to the Boer officials, boasting of what their fellow-soldiers would do to them when they took Pretoria. Their chief offense, however, was in speaking to and shouting at the ladies and young girls who walked past the schoolhouse. * * * Any number of women, both the Boer and English, have told me that they found it quite impossible to pass the schoolhouse on account of the insulting remarks the officers on the veranda threw to one another concerning them, or made directly to them. At last the officers grew so offensive that a large number of ladies signed a petition and sent it to the Government complaining that the presence of the Englishmen in the heart of the town was a public nuisance."

Now for the refutation of the charge. Mr. Barnes writes: "I did not see Mr. Davis' article until we had been some months in Pretoria, and, strange to say, it was not any one connected with the Army who first drew my attention to it and complained of its injustice—it was a Transvaal buigher. So, after reading it carefully, and reading it in sheer wonderment, on my own account and prompted by no request from the military people, I pursued a course of investigation. Long before this, however, on June 7th, I visited the Model School, and looked at the wonderful and beautiful maps of the Free State and the Colony that the imprisoned officers had placed upon the walls. Here were the positions of the contending armies, somewhat erroneous to be sure and much in favor of the Boers (I dare say the maps had been subjected to censorship). But I noticed that they had been carefully preserved from injury by a coat of varnish. This had been done by order of the Boer Government, as Mr. Davis admits. I believe a few caricatures on the walls of the other rooms were not regarded as works of art, but they were of a harmless and wholesome nature. * * *

"As to the charge of insulting women, I could not and will not believe it, nor could I find the slightest substantiation, although I met with many Boer ladies and asked them deliberately the point-blank question. Seeing that I was not an Englishman, they answered me frankly and truthfully, and each and every one denied Mr. Davis' charges. He admits there were some foolish young girls in the town, who had carried on flirtations over the railing. One or two of them got into trouble with the Boer authorities for supplying the prisoners with information and attempting to assist at their escape. But this seems hardly enough to justify Mr. Davis' statement that no woman could go by the prison without being subjected to insult. There were only four houses to approach which it was necessary to go by the prison at all, and at these houses I could find no one who complained or who had ever been insulted. As to the rest of the townspeople, if they did not like to go by the Model School, they surely did not have to. It was merely the question of a few hundred feet and taking another street. So far as I can find out, the request for the prisoners' removal was based on sanitary grounds. One of the officer prisoners said to me when I spoke to him on the subject: 'I cannot conceive where the fellow got his ideas. Though I remember once we did cheer a lady going by; she had on a red hat, a white blouse and a blue skirt, and she did it on purpose, we thought. Then there was the other girl who used to signal to us by means of the Morse Code. We often felt like cheering her, but were afraid to.'

"Without going into any reasons for Mr. Davis' bitter accusations, although they seem patent enough in the animus behind his pen, I can only say that I feel sorry that any countryman of mine should make sweeping statements that tend to be so misleading. Do they come well from the pen of one who left the hospitality of the English Army to fall into the outstretched arms of its enemy?

"I am not writing this to make a defense of the British officer; he needs none. There he is, with his traditions behind him, and any other officer of any other army in the world would be proud to know him as a friend, or to fight him as an enemy."

IT will be hard to convince Bryan that the turkey he eats on Christmas day isn't crow.

FATHER BRYAN J. CLINCH, of San Francisco, contributes to the *Catholic Quarterly Review* an interesting article dealing with the decline of Catholicism in Great Britain. He confesses that it is no false claim that the church enjoys "signal advantages and favors" in that land, but for some reason, which he does not attempt to fathom, it is steadily losing ground. "Year by year," he says "Catholics are diminishing, as it struck by some fatal disease wherever the English flag flies." And to substantiate this assertion the writer gives facts and figures, as follows:

"The Catholic population of the British Islands is now hardly two-thirds what it was at the beginning of Victoria's reign. England, Ireland and Scotland then had eight millions of Catholics in a total of twenty-five millions. Today they have five and a half in a population of forty millions. Catholics were then a third of Victoria's subjects in Europe. Today they are hardly a sixth. Adding in the whole Catholic English-speaking population of Canada, Australia and all other British colonies, there are now a million fewer Catholics in the empire than there were when Victoria came to the throne.

"It is with no feeling of national jealousy that we have shown how false is the assertion that the spread of the British empire is a preparation for Catholic progress. So far it has been the one which has absolutely made the number of Catholics among its subjects decrease, while Catholics are growing in numbers in every other land. Its action on the Irish Catholics today is similar to its action on the English Catholic body from the days of Elizabeth to those of George III. Year by year they are diminishing."

It is not for us to say what are the undermining influences at work on the Roman church in Britain. We have never given the subject any thought, but it would seem that being allowed the most absolute liberty and accorded more than its share of privileges, the trouble must lie in the church itself. If Catholicism declines, "as if struck by some fatal disease," wherever freedom, enlightenment and progress are inaugurated, then there must be something wrong with Catholicism—or with the men or the methods by whom, or by which, it is interpreted to the masses. We are inclined to think the fault lies with the men and methods. Foolishly, unjustly, the Roman Catholic priesthood have arrayed themselves in hostile attitude against Great Britain. There is no gainsaying this; it is an indisputable fact, apparent the world over, and of frequent manifestation. It was never more noticeable than during the early stages of the war in South Africa, albeit Britain was fighting as much to uphold the rights of Catholics in that land, as for anything else. The Catholic press of the entire world, with but one or two minor exceptions, united their strength in an unholy effort to bring about Britain's downfall, dipping their pens in falsehood and calumny; inciting and participating in the hue and cry of the canaille. Vatican-inspired organs openly advised treachery, treason and sedition on the part of Britain's Catholic sons.

The only protest that was heard in Great Britain came from Catholics. The Duke of Norfolk, the leading Catholic in England, in order to show his disapproval of Rome's attitude, went to the front, old man that he was, and took up arms in his country's cause. His example was emulated, in deed or spirit, by the Catholic body all over the Empire—and Rome received from her British adherents the most stinging rebuke she has ever winced under.

British Catholics diminishing! Is it any wonder, when as the price of their membership in the church they are asked to be disloyal to their flag. Catholicism declining in Ireland! Well, the rule of the priest-politician is growing distasteful to a large body of Irishmen, their awakened intelligence tells them that temporal and spiritual affairs are best managed under separate heads—and on searching Holy Writ they find no edict against their worshipping God in whatever way their conscience may decide is best.

THE query editor of a contemporary imparts to an "anxious inquirer" this information: "When the knight of the fourteenth century came into a company of friends, he lifted his helmet, signifying, 'I am safe in your presence.' The days of the knights are no more, but the polite practice of lifting the hat survives."

The custom is still with us, to be sure, but it would seem that it has lost its original significance. The well-mannered man of today doffs his headgear in the presence of ladies, but the act is not always intended to betoken a sense of safety.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN is right, never in history has war been waged with so much humanity as by the British in South Africa.

TIMOTHY HEALEY says it is a question whether it is not better to be a dead Boer than a British subject. That, the Boer can decide for himself, but Timothy seems to have no doubts on the point as applied to Irishmen.

FATHER GLEASON, who is with the American troops in China, in a letter to *The Monitor* says: "The English soldiers are great on dress parade; they wouldn't have a wrinkle on their blouse, but they are back numbers as fighting men. Just as the South African campaign led the world to believe, so the campaign here has led it to conclude that the English is a very inferior soldier."

And yet we have known Father Gleason to bewail the prowess of "the all-conquering English" on more than one occasion.

THE man who "smiles across the soup" is to be the new ideal hero, if the refining influence of the woman journalist does not meet with a check. The *Examiner's* Helen Dare takes the initiative in modifying popular taste along this line. She writes: "Who cares now for the deeds of sweet Sir Palamides, of Tors and Bors and the goodly knights of Gawaine and Kay and Tristram—and the six score others? Who cares, indeed! Not I, for one. For I have sat at meat with the heroes of today. I have seen T——, of Stanford, famed for his place kick of thirty-five yards, smile across the soup."

MANIFESTLY, it is the mission of the Anglo-Saxon to subdue the wilderness, plant the field, build the home and frame the law. But it does not follow that the other races have not an office. In the order of adaptability, the home having been built, it is clearly the task of the Tueton to school it, that of the Latin to beautify it. A purely Anglo-Saxon civilization would be a dreary affair, the strong hand that levels the forest, and clubs the unruly, is rather clumsy at the softer, brightening touches to life—and so there is a place for all. The one task reflects no greater glory than the other, when we view the finished work, and there is no cause for racial jealousy. Half the trouble in the world, with nations as with individuals, lies in not recognizing our proper sphere, in being discontent with our allotted task and wanting to do another's work.



GOOD old Christmas is with us again, for the nineteen-hundredth time, but none the less welcome because of its hoariness. Nineteen hundred years are a long time; long enough, it would seem, to give to any endeavor ample opportunity to fructify. Humanity certainly has cause to be ashamed of itself that in all these centuries it has made so little progress along the lines of practical Christianity. True, there is much of good in the world—and there always was—but there is not peace on earth, neither is there any great amount of good-will toward men. Mingled with the glad peal of the bells that tells of man's redemption is the sullen boom of cannon, voicing

its awful protest. And notwithstanding there is a brighter intellect and a loftier spirit in the land, the hoarse mob, with the same old preference, still pleads for Barabbas.

So it would seem that despite the heroic efforts that have been made to make man good he is still pretty bad, and the wonder is that there is not more of pessimism in life, more of the belief that the Master has set us an impossible task. But, verily, hope seems to spring eternal in the human breast; nineteen hundred years of discouragement have failed to kill our faith in our possibilities, and where there is trust of such magnitude, and so faithfully abiding, truly, all things are possible. We'll be good yet.

Meantime, let us reconcile ourselves to the waiting by partaking of the feast. A merry Christmas to you!

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BRITAIN'S PRACTICAL FRIENDSHIP.

Mr. A. Maurice Low, the well known American journalist, discloses some little known facts in connection with the Spanish-American war, in his interesting paper on the subject in a recent number of "McClure's Magazine." Mr. Low states that at the time when it appeared evident that Spain and the United States would come to blows, Russia made the proposition to Great Britain that the latter should buy Cuba from Spain, thus affording both countries an honorable way out of their differences. If, however, the United States should object to the transfer as a breach of the principles of the Monroe doctrine, Russia was to stand by Great Britain, even to the last extremity. Germany's acquiescence was to be secured, and the neutrality of France was guaranteed by Russia.

Lord Salisbury would not consider the proposal. Emphatically and distinctly he caused it to be known that the Cuban question concerned the United States and Spain alone; that it was a matter with which no other nation had any concern; that if they went to war Britain would preserve strict neutrality, and that she would expect all the other nations to observe the obligations of neutrality. "So," says Mr. Low, "the plot failed, and the opportunity to involve England and the United States was lost."

Mr. Low declares that the time will come when it will be shown what immense services were rendered United States interests at every station where a British fleet was placed or a British Consul had a post, but that it is too recent to allow the facts to be disclosed now.

Then, after hostilities had ceased, when the negotiations for peace were under way in Paris, Spain was desirous of giving the Philippines to any European power other than Britain, rather than sell them to the United States. Germany was sorely tempted, but again the firmness of the British government prevented the deal being carried out.

PRESS COMMENT.

The national committee that engineered the movements of Mr. Bryan during the late campaign thought it had done a shrewd trick in turning the apostle of free silver and champion of the pro-Boer cause loose on the State of Michigan, where it is claimed there are 85,000 Dutchmen. It had apparently been entirely oblivious to the fact that among the citizens of that State there are no less than 200,000 Canadian-Americans, besides many thousands of other British Americans. How the votes of the latter swamped Bryan and beat the Dutchmen is now a matter of history. So it was, too, in every other State where these nationalities were pitted against one another through the mischievous influence of Mr. Bryan and his advisers.—"British-American," Chicago.

* * *

We in Belgium are railing against Great Britain, but the wicked old nation seems to care very little about it. She will continue doubtless to purchase the half of our products and manufactures, she will send her tourists and her pounds sterling, and, in a word, will continue to enable us to live. Perhaps, finally, we shall be able to send our products into those two very Republics which have suddenly become so dear to us, and this, perhaps, will be the sole revenge which the most splendid Empire on earth will wreak on those who are barking at her.—"La Metropole Financiere," Brussels.

* * *

Though the Boer leader has obtained in France the same right of hearing of which the Hungarian Kossuth made such brilliant use in England and America, the bootlessness of the efforts of both will furnish the only parallelism between their errands. Kossuth recreated a nation; Kruger has destroyed one; Kossuth impoverished, Kruger has enriched, himself; Kossuth was the republican idealist, irreconcilably, impracticably so; Kruger is the sordid boss, fattening on the blind devotion of misguided democracy; Kossuth sought to free his people from oppression's yoke; Kruger to keep that yoke on the necks of another people.—New York Press.

* * *

Webster Davis in a recent speech, declared that one American warship could lick sixteen British warships—but we'll wager that Mr. Davis would not care to be on board the American ship when she attempted it.—Minneapolis "Tribune."

Grand Premium Offer

\$80 for a Little of Our Lady Readers' Spare Time

In order to interest our lady readers in our effort to build up the circulation of the **BRITISH-CALIFORNIAN** to its fullest possible limit in every city, town and hamlet on the Pacific Coast, we have decided to offer, as a premium, to the lady sending us the largest number of new prepaid yearly subscriptions during the six months commencing January 1, 1901, and ending June 30, 1901, a magnificent, latest improved, new

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Now, the Singer sewing machine stands in no need of recommendation from any one, it enjoys a world-wide reputation of being the finest piece of mechanism of its kind ever invented, but even with Singers there is a "best," and we propose to give away, free of any cost whatsoever, the very best machine that the Singer people have. The article we offer is the seven-drawer, cabinet-table, maple machine—the handsomest, simplest and most efficient of all the various kinds of Singers. Its cash price is \$80.

During the month of January, the machine will be exhibited in the store window of the Singer Manufacturing Co., 22 Post Street, San Francisco, after which it will be sent on a grand tour of the Pacific Coast, so that all may have an opportunity of seeing what they are working for. Further details about these exhibitions will appear next issue; also pictures of the machine itself, together with full descriptions. But now is the time to start to work. The offer is open to all, except those who may directly or indirectly be connected with the **BRITISH-CALIFORNIAN**. In all fairness employees and regular agents will not be allowed to compete. Sample copies and subscription blanks, for canvassing purposes, furnished free.

BUSY MINING MACHINERY MEN.

The Merralls' Mill Company, of San Francisco, is one of the busiest firms of the State in getting out their Rapid Crushing Stamp Mills which justly are consuming the attention just now of mining men all over the Coast and elsewhere.

This firm has just closed an order for two of their Rapid Crushing Three-stamp mills, 1200 lb. stamps for The Exposed Treasure Gold Mining Company of Mojave; they have also closed an order with Alfredo B. Adams for four of their Rapid Crushing Three-stamp mills, 1200 lb. stamps, six Wilfley Concentrators, four Slime Dressers, Hydraulic Sizer, Boiler and Engine—in fact, the complete plant, to go to the celebrated Palmarito Silver Mine at Sinaloa, Mexico. These mills will have a combined capacity of about 125 tons in 24 hours, and this will be the first installation on the property, which when complete, will have 50 Merralls' Rapid Crushing Three-stamp Mills.



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THE "CALL" AND DR. WHEELER.

The one characteristic of San Francisco daily newspapers which distinguishes them from all others in the United States is that of their delight in squabbling with one another. They have spent so much of their youthful energies in windy warfare that to fight has become second nature.

This unfortunate condition of these daily shockers accounts for the attack made by the "Call" upon President Benjamin Ide Wheeler's address to the British-American Union in San Francisco, in which he made a noble and scholarly plea for the unification of the English-speaking peoples, and claimed that America was in fact part of the Greater Britain which represents all that is best and noblest in the human race today.

By his truthful statement of the situation in the English-speaking world at the close of the 19th century, President Wheeler very seriously disturbed the "Call's" shoulder-clip, and the editorial rooms of that enterprising journal were evidently decidedly sulphurous for a short time after the "little America" editorial writer had read the report of the speech. Metaphorically speaking the ardent scribe stamped upon it again and again, for he was very indignant and deeply insulted, and he only found relief by dishing up for his readers a mess of pseudo-historical clap-trap, fully equal to Mr. Bryan's best efforts in the late campaign, and announced that "if we (the United States) chose we could crush it (the British Empire) like an egg-shell." This irate scribe just fairly slammed the door like an offended Miss Nancy, saying "There!"

As a rule Britishers are so busy doing their duty and attending to their own business that they pay little or no attention to melodramatic journalism, and make every excuse for the victims of the high pressure of modern newspaper life who are compelled to blow off steam in jets of bluff and exaggeration, or burst and lose their jobs. And they would excuse the "Call" on this ground if it were necessary; but it is not, for they are sure that the young man was merely indulging in some western witticisms in the hope that the humor of a Mark Twain may develop in him and earn him promotion to the civilized journalism of Boston or Philadelphia.

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I hope no husky, big-boned Canadian will take the "Call" seriously, and impair the integrity of the editor's egg-shell by way of a joke, for what would we British-Americans do if we had not such folk to amuse us? The "Little America" man adds to the gaiety of the nations, and like William Jennings Bryan is qualifying for his degree of Master of Silence!

Again, the enraged journalist, on behalf of the United States and Mr. Spreckels, says President Wheeler "ensmall us" by his speech. As a matter of fact the States got their start from the English—a conglomerate of Saxon, Norman, and British or Celtic folk, and even the immortal George Washington got his blood from old England. And it is the love of fair play and equality before the law which these Englishmen brought with them from the old sod and which is the glory of the Republic today and the surest guarantee of the liberties and rights of her people.

An old Scotch saying has it that "facts are chiefs that winna ding"; and however much we would like to oblige our German, or French, or Slavonian friends, history will not permit us.

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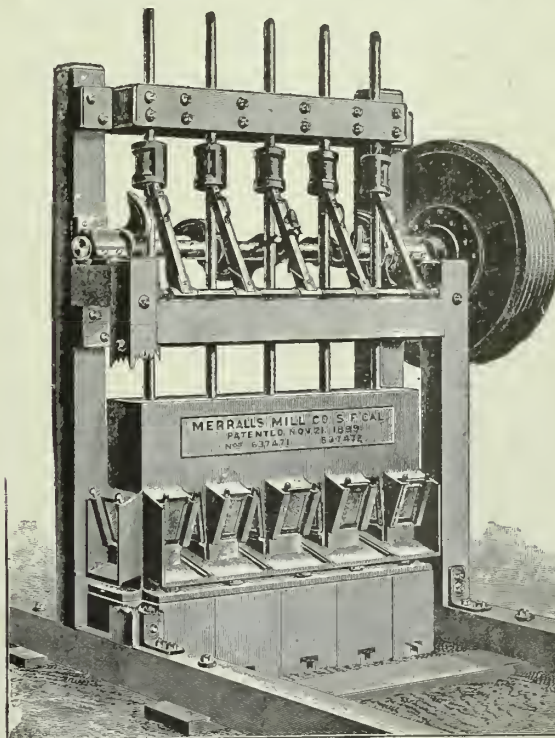
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ST. ANDREW'S DAY.



THE anniversary of Scotland's patron saint was fittingly observed by the Scottish people in every town on this coast where there are a number of them banded together in a society. In San Francisco the auspicious day was celebrated with the usual enthusiasm around the banquet board, the Maple Room of the Palace Hotel, brilliantly lit and gay with flowers and decorations, being the scene of the festivities. President Allan Pollok was master of ceremonies. The national anthems of Great Britain and the United States sung by the entire assemblage were the inspiring opening numbers of the after-dinner programme, and the enthusiasm which they aroused warmed the hearts of all present for the balance of the evening. Greetings from numerous sister societies in various parts of the world were read amid manifestations of the keenest appreciation, and friendly messages were dispatched in reply. The telegraph people had evidently despaired over some of the dialect, for many of the messages were anything but Scotch, but President Pollok was equal to the occasion, and read them off with no apparent difficulty.

The toasts, which were each preceded by appropriate orchestral music, and followed by suitable vocal numbers, made up the balance of the programme. That is, with the responses, which scintillated with wit and eloquence and fine sentiment. They were: "St. Andrew's Day," James S. Webster; "The Land We Left," Rev. Dr. Robert Mackenzie; "The Land We Live In," Horace G. Platt; "The Lassies," Hugh Webster.

Preliminary to the banqueting festivities the recently elected officers were installed as follows: President, Allan Pollok; first vice-president, James Rolph, Jr.; second vice-president, P. Livingston Dunn; treasurer, V. C. Lawson; recording secretary, George St. John Bremner; assistant recording secretary, James D. Craig; financial secretary, R. D. Colquhoun; assistant financial secretary, Wallace A. Cook; librarian, David Dalziel; trustees, Samuel Irving, Andrew McNair, John McLaren, Richard Gratto and James S. Webster; board of relief, Joseph P. Cochran, John M. Duncan and James Kay; physician, Dr. W. F. McNutt; chaplain, Rev. William Kirk Guthrie.

THE OAKLAND CELEBRATION.

With unrestrained joviality the members of the St. Andrew's Society of Oakland celebrated the festival of St. Andrew for the twenty-third time with a convivial gathering in the Woodman Banquet Hall, on the 5th inst. The arrangements were a distinct improvement over those of last year, with the result that unbounded enjoyment was shared by all present. Appropriate decorations added to the gayety of the scene, and there was the merriest kind of orchestral music and Scottish airs on the bagpipes, the latter furnished by the well-known piper, Mr. Neil Lindsay. As customary,

the bringing in of the Haggis was made the feature of the feast, and the ancient ceremony was never more properly performed.

President Charles Kydd acted as toastmaster, and prefaced each sentiment with a few happy remarks. Needless to say, the health of the President and of the Queen was pledged with a right good will and a generous display of enthusiasm. Other toasts were: "St. Andrew's Day," response by Rev. J. K. McLean; "The Land o' Cakes," response, John D. McGilvray; "The Land We Live In," response, D. Edward Collins; "The Lassies," Wm. Balnaves responding.

Choice vocal numbers rendered by A. C. Ballingal, Mrs. S. Reynolds and Miss Daisy V. Keane, with Prof. James Pollitt as accompanist, gave variety to this most pleasing programme, which was concluded with a dance. Great credit is due Messrs. Chas. Kydd, A. C. Ballingal and Geo. S. Lackie for the splendid manner in which they managed the affair.

The Society's annual election of officers resulted as follows: Honorary President, Peter Thompson; president, Chas. Kydd, vice-president, James Moir; treasurer, D. Edward Collins; recording secretary, F. M. Davidson; financial secretary, Walter T. Smith. Trustees—George S. Lackie, James Hutchinson, Charles Kydd, Robert Dalziel, William Stuart. Board of Relief—Jas. P. Taylor, Hugh Hamilton, James Smilie.

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Great Britain and Her Relations to the United States.

GREAT BRITAIN—England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland—has a population of forty millions and an area of about 121,000 square miles, as against 158,000 square miles of California. Its coast is indented with numerous estuaries, three of which enjoy a world-wide reputation—the Clyde, the Mersey, and the Thames. The country is thickly dotted with busy cities, the population of which number from 100,000 up to a million or more. But Great Britain of today is the British Empire and as such has an area of 11,726,217 square miles and a population of 385,782,293. In order to protect this vast territory and population, a great and expensive navy has been required. The tonnage of that navy is equal to the tonnage of the navy of France plus that of Russia, plus that of Germany. In other words, the tonnage is 1,347,000, as against 1,222,000, which is the tonnage of the three other nations. But in an estimate of the present strength of the English navy regard must be had to its equipment as well as its tonnage; even then its strength is easily first as compared with the combined navy of France and Russia. That navy polices the widely scattered territory of England in such a manner that it is an Englishman's proud boast that wherever he is known as an English subject he is protected. With territorial expansion and the development of her navy has also come the growth of a merchant marine which carries forty-five per cent of the world's freight. Her home not less than her colonial cities have grown with great rapidity. Glasgow, Sheffield, Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool and London are all great cities of commerce and industry. London with a diameter of thirty miles and a population of more than six millions, is the metropolis of the British Empire. "London, by constituting a free market for gold and adhering to a fixed standard, without variable-ness or shadow of turning, has drawn to herself the command of the world's exchanges." It has been the custom of economists to regard the prosperity of a country from the increase of exports over imports; and that an increase of imports over exports was a sign of decadence. But the latter has been the condition of England for the last forty or fifty years, and yet her condition has been one of increasing prosperity. The explanation is not far to seek. According to an estimate in 1898 by the Stock Exchange of London, foreign investments amounted to nearly ten billion dollars, of which two billions were invested in this country. Again the carrying trade of England is forty-five per cent of the carrying trade of the world, and from this source there is an income of five hundred millions. From these investments and carrying trade alone there is an income of nearly one billion dollars, and the balance of trade against England is only about six hundred millions; the difference in favor of England accounts for the more or less constant importation of bullion from other countries into England's treasury. The United Kingdom is the principal market of the United States. Last year fifty-five per cent of imported grain and sixty per cent of imported meat were shipped from this country. From 1895-99 eighty per cent of the cotton went from here and was valued at fifty million dollars. In fact our exports to Great Britain are enormous, and they are growing every year—growing more rapidly than between the colonies and the Mother Country.

A high sense of honor and commercial integrity, respect for law and reverence for established institutions characterize the English people. Even their religion is a matter of life rather than of feeling, and the quiet and effective effort of doing practical good is more their religion than attendance at church services. The government has been usually free from corruption, and wherever the Union Jack has been unfurled freedom, justice, administration of law and civic protection have been assured.

The recent evidence of colonial loyalty has strengthened the hope of an Imperial Federation, and has injected into the Mother Country a new sense of stability and power.

The prejudice and irritation of this country against England, engendered in 1776, have well nigh, if not altogether, subsided. During my recent visit, nowhere in Great Britain did I hear any word belittling our country; only the kindest sentiments were expressed. Ever since this country received the tangible evidence of sympathy from the Queen as we

bowed our heads over the grave of Garfield, the most cordial relations between the two countries have existed, and England has given a recent and more substantial evidence of her friendship in frustrating a possible coalition of European powers against us during our Spanish war.

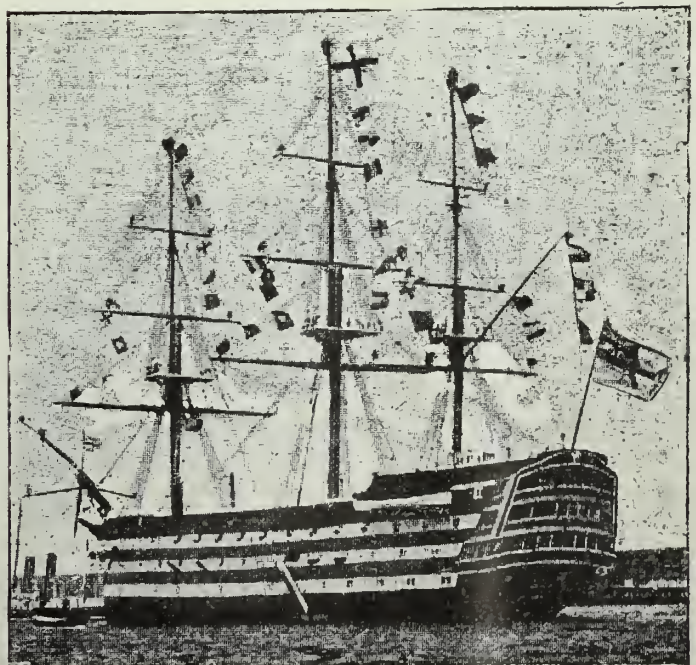
In its growth this Republic has come into direct contact with other countries; it has found in itself an instinct and genius for colonization common to the Anglo-Saxon race. By cession or conquest our territory now stretches from sea to sea. By purchase one of its arms already pierces the Arctic, and by annexation another dallies with the tropics; where now shall be the boundary of the Republic? You remember some fifty years ago it was said that the Mississippi was the eternal boundary of this country, and the great Thomas H. Benton rose in the United States Senate and said that if the Mississippi was not the eternal boundary of the Republic, certainly the Rocky Mountains were. And while he was speaking colonies were being established in the territory which is now the State of Oregon. And so the Republic has spread from sea to sea and from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico. The closing century has broken our splendid isolation and our country has been drawn out of its self-containment to meet and measure itself with the great Nations of the world. Whether it may cope with them or not in military strength and territorial expansion, it can at least measure up to them in its mission of liberty, justice and equality of opportunity for the peoples of the world. It is this mission which will make expansion possible, profitable, and permanent.

The relations between the two countries should only be cordial; offspring of the same race, speaking the same language, governed by similar laws, infused with the same literature and science, energized with the same blood, and lifting up the same standards of civilization to the world, what more could be necessary for the recognition of the community of interests between the two countries? England and her colonies are largely the markets for our surplus products; not only industrial, but financial interchanges are going on between the two countries, which will more and more tend to cement and bind them in an indissoluble union for good. The high standards of civilization of the Anglo-Saxon race have given it a prominent position in the world; that position, for humanity's sake, must be maintained.

D. EDWARD COLLINS.

Oakland, November 23, 1900.

ENGLAND EXPECTS—



Our photograph shows the Victory, Nelson's old flagship, flying the famous signal on the anniversary of the battle of Trafalgar, October 21st, 1900.



DR. JORDAN EXPLAINS.

Stanford University, Cal.

Editor British-Californian:—A note in your journal in connection with a statement of Max Nordau leads me to a word of explanation.

I gave in Chicago, last March, a talk on "The Blood of the Nation." The Associated Press was unrepresented there and the account sent out by it was written up on hearsay. It contained a ridiculous statement as to the degeneration of Englishmen which I never uttered and which I have tried to repudiate with the rest of the report. I reported the same lecture myself for the Detroit Free Press and beg to enclose a reprint of the report—the same lecture being repeated here. I strongly disapprove of war as a remedy for the evils in Africa and Malaysia, but I yield to no one in admiration of the English stock, which has certainly suffered nothing from the kind of "degeneration" described by Max Nordau, and in large part invented by him.

Very truly yours,

DAVID S. JORDAN.

[This is a manly statement, and we are glad to be corrected. We have read through the lecture referred to and can verify what Dr. Jordan says. There is not a word about the degeneracy of the British; but at the same time it strikes us that the lecturer's "admiration of the English stock" has an exceedingly modest way of showing itself.—Ed.]

RUFFIANISM IN LONDON.

A subscriber sends us the following:

"A few weeks ago one of our local dailies had a sensational account of the scenes to be witnessed in the streets of London upon the occasion of the return of troops from South Africa, and I took the opportunity of mailing a copy of the paper to the officer commanding a prominent London volunteer regiment (of which I was formerly a member), with a request that he inform me whether or not the statements published were true or otherwise. I enclose his reply, which may interest your readers."

The letter is, in part, as follows:

"Having commanded a battalion, I can only say that from the Marble Arch to the bottom of St. James's street, which was kept by the brigade, there was the most absolute order, and the streets were kept perfectly clear. The police and volunteers were rather overpowered later on, and there were many lamentable accidents. The reports you have seen in the Californian papers were in themselves exaggerations of the exaggerated statements made by our sensational press here, whose love of sensation, I am sorry to say, is growing."

"But the evil referred to lies deeper than is suggested by the writers of the reports. There is, in London, owing to the mistaken leniency of magistrates in connection with corporal punishment, an increasing class of boys and girls whom we have learned to christen "hooligans." In New York they would be called "corner boys," and in Melbourne, "larrikans." Many of the suburbs of London, and even the central districts, are sometimes terrorized by gangs of young ruffians who promenade the streets."

"But this is being sternly dealt with now. Undoubtedly on the occasion of these great national assemblages Hooliganism made a special place for itself and went loose. The population of a great city, however, must not be judged by the occurrences in a few of the main streets on such an occasion as the one in question. It might have been understood that the streets would be noisy, and those who did not want to get into a crowd could easily have stayed at home. But it will not happen again."

IS ENGLISH HIGHER EDUCATION A FAILURE?

Portland, Oregon.

Editor British-Californian:—I buy your paper every month, and it is seldom that I find in it anything to criticize. I am not a college man, but I must say, from the standpoint of common sense, I totally disagree with the author of your November article on "Higher Education in Great Britain."

To say that Oxford and Cambridge are failures, because among the shiftless class of Britishers in America there are to be found a few graduates from those schools is ridiculous. Compare the successes with the failures in life which these institutions turn out and no more need be said in refutation of Mr. Nicol's charge. Men do not go to the English Universities to learn fruit-ranching, blacksmithing, etc. It is not the fault of the shop if you walk into a bookseller's and ask for pound of nails—and don't get them. The "historic schools" of Great Britain are institutions of learning, not business colleges, nor mechanics' institutes, and I for one glory in the fact that they are so. There are higher possibilities in life than becoming a successful business man. But every one to his own aspiration.

What Mr. Nicol doubtless meant to point out was that it is foolish of young men who have to make their way in the world to neglect to acquire that practical knowledge which is all-essential now-a-days. And there I agree with him. But this has nothing to do with the failure, or otherwise, of higher education.

WM. CARRINGTON.

Bakersfield, Cal.

Editor British-Californian:—In your paper for November there is an interesting article by Mr. R. A. Nicol, entitled "Is Higher Education in Great Britain a Failure?" To even sketch such a subject in bare outline, but in true proportion, would be quite a task. But perhaps a few criticisms on the article may be allowed.

Of course, true education to the very limit of which the brain of genius is capable cannot be a failure. Plain living and high thinking, intelligence united with simplicity and industry, beneath all a granite base of character, such should be the combined result of true "Higher Education." Prussia, Scotland, Ulster, New England, poor countries all, at one time most nearly approached this ideal. These ultra Protestant lands are more saturated than others with the crystal clear common sense of the Bible, which cuts through all artificiality and pretense down to the very heart of a matter.

We must remember that the young men referred to in the article may be the failures of their class, and might have been equal failures if born in any other class. They should not in fairness be compared with the successes of quite another class. Countless numbers of peasants, laborers, mechanics, clerks, tradesmen, and merchants are failures; failures as complete but not as conspicuous as the sons of the professional and leisure classes.

The latter are really hot-house plants, and as long as they stay in the hot-house may produce flowers and fruits too. In an old-settled stratified society with a thousand and one artificial wants they may prosper if there is a niche for them. The initial wrong was done in weakening their moral fibre under glass when their obvious ultimate destiny was to brave the frosts of winter in the open.

Yours respectfully,

"FROST-BITTEN."

Late of Rugby School and Balliol College, Oxford

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IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS.



Christmas is not what it once was. Where has the Yule log gone? We burn nut shells in these degenerate days. And with the neglect of the Yule log comes the further and necessary neglect of those innumerable superstitions of which the sparkling, glowing log was the fount and centre. Who plays snapdragon now? Where are the melodious companies of carol-singers? And what has become of the delicacies that made this season famous in days of yore? The mince pie is a decadent. Its great original was a pie composed of beef steaks, neats' tongues, chickens, eggs, raisins, sugar, lemon, orange-peel, and spices. This was a pie, indeed, with some smack of festivity about it. Take again a Christmas pie whose ingredients were formulated in a newspaper of 1777—two bushels of flour, 20 pounds of butter, four geese, two turkeys, two rabbits,

four wild ducks, two woodcocks, six snipe, four partridges, two neats' tongues, two curlews, seven blackbirds, and six pigeons. This mighty delicacy, embracing in itself all the possible flavors of the cuisine, was nine feet in circumference and weighed 300 pounds. Nobody cooks a pie of such heroic proportions nowadays. Even the Christmas enthusiasts at Dingley Dell would have thought twice before venturing upon such a marvelous amalgam.

The traditions of New Year have likewise suffered. In rural districts it was usual for the whole household to dine together, an occasion of great potations, when the master brewed the punch with his own hand and passed it round the table. Country folk carried a wassail-bowl from house to house through the villages, singing a petitionary carol:

"A jolly Wassel-Bowl,
A Wassel of good ale,
Well fare the butler's soul
That setteth this to sale;
Our jolly Wassel."

In no part of Great Britain were the New Year's rites more honored than in Scotland, where every eye wore

"... symptoms of a sober jollity"; but "not too sober, neither." A variety of the custom of "first-footing" prevailed in Scotland until within the last forty or fifty years. Thus, towards midnight of New Year's Eve, you brewed or prepared a kettle of sweetened ale, with a dash of spirits (a drop of very pretty tippie, as the gentleman said in *Tess*), then got your family together, and sallied out, with the kettle in the midst, and store of cakes, bread, and cheese. Your goal was the house of some neighborly gossip, and if you were the first to enter after 12 o'clock you were honored as "first-foot," and a herald of good fortune.

Amorous swains went first-footing in another fashion. It was the time for a lover to steal to the door of his sweetheart's dwelling in the hope that the damsel herself would open to him, when he claimed the forfeit of a kiss. "First-foot" appears as a venerable superstition in the northern districts of England, and in various places in Scotland. Mr. Gregor says: "In many a house in Banffshire, the last thing done was to cover up the peat fire with the ashes and to smooth it over. It was carefully and anxiously examined in the morning to see if there was in the ashes anything like the print of a foot, with the toes towards the door. If such a print was traced it was a forecast that one of the household was to leave, if not die. The first fire, too, was watched. If a peat or live coal rolled away from it, there was to be a break in the family circle."

Elsewhere, the first foot that one met on New Year's morn was accounted of good or of evil omen. It was a fearful thing to meet "a sanctimonious person," or a cat. It was well to meet a person with a high-arched sole, but "one having flat soles" was to be diligently avoided. A bachelor was a good first foot, and the maiden might count on blessings who met her lover. There were other forms of divination, as

from the appearance of the sky on New Year's morn; and of securing good luck, as by drawing the first bucket of water from the well ("the reem o' the wall") on the stroke of midnight on New Year's Eve.

In these latitudes, the Wassail (Wass hael: Health to you) looms large in all printed memories of New Year's Tide.

The composition of the nectar no doubt depended chiefly upon the quality and contents of the cellar. They had a grateful recipe, we may conjecture, in the pantry of the abbot. "Warm, spiced, and sweetened ale with an infusion of spirits" was a good middle-class brew. Warton speaks of "ale, nutmeg, sugar, toast, and roasted crabs or apples." Six bottles of port, sherry, or maderia, with cardanums, cloves, nutmeg, and coriander, a pound and a half of fine sugar, and the yolks of twelve, and the whites of six eggs ("set all on the fire in a clean, bright saucepan") went to the making of a wassail for the gentry.

HISTORIC OXFORD.

THE dream of my mature years had been to visit Oxford—that historic town whose influence for a thousand years has gone forth to shape the destiny of the British Empire. And so, when I alighted at the station in this "city of spires" and knew that I was walking in High street, my heart thrilled with excitement as memory peopled the renowned thoroughfare with the historic shades of the Past. Here was born Richard Coeur de Lion; Sweyne the Dane, William the Norman and Cromwell have besieged it; while a mighty host of England's worthies have called it home.

Memphric the Briton is alleged to have built the city. By the Saxons it was called "Oxena-forde;" hence its later name Oxford, and the city's coat of arms—an ox fording a stream.

Oxford University consists of twenty-three colleges, of which Merton is the oldest (1264) and Manchester the youngest (1895), the latter being founded by the Unitarians.

This century has witnessed many changes in the University of Oxford. It is no longer the sole center of higher education, and hence can never again be national in the same way as was the mediaeval university, but it will inspire still to great deeds of self-sacrifice and brave endeavor. The spirit that moved Wycliffe, Moore and Wesley will remain to Oxford its peculiar and historic possession.

The city is rapidly growing toward the north, and is adorned with beautiful parks and residences that make North Oxford a modern English town, with none of the quaintness of Old Oxford. Here, on Walton street, live Max Muller and Tennyson's niece, each of whom invited us to an afternoon tea. In their homes we were given a glimpse of the beauty of English home life.

Carfax is the center of Oxford, where the four principal roads meet. St. Martin's Tower stands upon one corner, founded by King Edward, son of Alfred the Great, so says tradition. Here Shakspeare stood godfather to Sir W. Davenant in 1606.

On leaving Carfax going south we come to Christ Church College, the most extensive establishment in Oxford. The Tom Gateway is the chief entrance, with a statue of Wolsey on top, as well as one of Queen Anne. Great Tom, the door-opener of Oxford, hangs in the tower and tolls a curfew of one hundred and one bells each night at nine, when every Oxford student must be within the walls of his college. The one hundred and one strokes denote the number of students at the time of the foundation of the college.

The great quadrangle, made by Wolsey, is the largest at Oxford. On its right is the kitchen, over which is the famous dining hall on whose walls hang the portraits of the college's great men, seventy-three in number, Gladstone's being the latest. Here are the works of Gainsborough, Hobbins, Vandyck, Reynolds, Hogarth and Millais. As I walked over the stone floor where Queen Elizabeth had danced, and sat where Henry VIII. had dined, I asked myself: "What is time?" Surely it was yesterday, not three centuries ago, that their footsteps echoed here. In this room Charles I. held his parliament; Handel made its walls resound with his "Messiah"; while in this century a great banquet was held here by the allied kings, Metternich and Blucher, just one year before Waterloo.

Crossing Brasenose Lane we enter Exeter college, where Blackmore the novelist was a fellow. The chief interest

centers in the chapel. The interior is superb. I returned again and again to impress on my memory the beauty of the windows, the altar, and the magnificent piece, "The Visit of the Magi," by Burne-Jones, which is the finest tapestry in England.

On Broad street is Trinity, founded in 1296 by Hugh Darlington, Prior of Durham. The library contains a curious MS. of Euclid, seven hundred years old, as well as many fine topographical works. But it is the gardens of Trinity that most people come to see, and the celebrated Lime Tree Walk, formed of twenty-four limes on each side, cleverly arched into a beautiful bower. The gardens, with their brilliant flowers, shapely trees and lawns of velvet grass form a scene of summer softness that will linger long in memory. I was not surprised to notice several groups of artists choosing this point or that from which to carry away a bit of this beauty on canvas. If I recall correctly, it was in these gardens that a breezy American asked: "Do tell us, verger, how do you English make such magnificent lawns?" "Oh," the verger replied, "we roll the grass and water it, and water the grass and roll it, for two hundred years; your grass will amount to something when you have tried our English recipe."

The close next neighbor to Trinity is the third oldest college, Baliol, founded by John Baliol, father of the King of Scotland. This college ranks first in point of scholarship, and is one of the most interesting. The founder was sentenced to be scourged at Durham Cathedral doors for some offence, and escaped the flagellation by instituting this college for the poor Durham scholars.

From here we pass to St. Mary the Virgin, founded in the thirteenth century. The sixteenth century was the scene of the burning of Cranmer, Ridley and Latimer. The cardinal sent visitors over the colleges to destroy all the English Bibles and heretical books that could be found, which act terminated the connection of the papacy with the university.

It was here that Cranmer was confined before his trial in the chancel. On the morning of his martyrdom he again affirmed his faith, and, the crowd shouting, "Stop the heretic's mouth!" he was led from the church to the stake. On Broad street a small brass cross let into the pavement marks the spot where he, Ridley and Latimer were burned for their religious belief; while around the corner on the next street is a monument erected to the memory of these Protestant martyrs.

On the opposite side of Turl street is Jesus college, founded by Dr. Hugh Price in 1571, though the credit of founding was taken by Queen Elizabeth, who gave timber and a portion of the site. The doctor petitioned that the manly spirit of the Virgin Queen might please her to found a college at Oxford, to which he might leave his estates, for the training in good letters of certain scholars of Wales.

The windows of New College are among the most superb in England; the west window contains the well known figures by Sir Joshua Reynolds, of Faith, Hope, Charity, Justice and Prudence. Above these figures is the "Nativity of Christ," in which Reynolds's portrait appears as an adoring shepherd. This window is beautiful beyond expression, with its soft grays and yellows.

From so much of man's art and work it is a relief to turn to nature, for the gardens of New College, shadowed over by ancient trees, are magnificent. Hawthorne tells us: "Such a sweet, quiet, sacred, stately seclusion, so age-worn as this has been, cannot exist anywhere else." These gardens are surrounded by thick walls and bastions that to American eyes are a wonderful sight.

The interest in Merton, aside from its being the oldest college, centers in the Chapel of St. John the Baptist, whose massive tower is familiar to all Oxford visitors. Its choir has fourteen windows filled with ancient glass, and its rose window is exquisite. The Merton gardens have a long history, and to quote Dr. Johnson, "who but must feel emotion as he contemplates at leisure the magnificence which surrounds him, pressing the same soil, breathing the same air, admiring the same objects which a host of learned men have trodden, breathed and admired before!"

On leaving Merton we passed up a narrow lane into High street and find ourselves at the entrance of University College, which claims foundation in 872 by Alfred the Great. Its pupils celebrated its millenary in June, 1872.

Facing University College is Queen's College, and High street is here seen at its best. Montgomery calls it "the town's majestic pride," and Sir Walter Scott says: "It cannot be denied that High street, Edinburgh, is the most magnificent street in Great Britain except High street, Oxford."

Farther to the east we come to Magdalen, the most attractive of all the Oxford colleges. It was founded in 1456 by William Patten of Lincolnshire. Magdalen is most difficult to describe, because there is so much of it that one feels it is a whole town and country in itself.

The one curious custom of Magdalen is the singing in Latin of the "May Morning Hymn" every year on the first of May, in the morning, at the summit of the tower, 145 feet high, while hundreds of spectators gather below to listen to the sweet strains.

Passing out through the main quadrangle we come to the water walks on the banks of the Cherwell. Trees overhang each side. The most shaded and charming part is known as "Addison's Walk." To the north is the wood full of deer, called by Pope "Magdalen's learned grove." Coming from busy High street on a heated day into this cool retreat, where no sounds penetrate save the murmuring of the river and the patter of the deer, one is filled with a deep sense of what God can do for man where man seeks to hold nature near to him. No wonder England has produced great men, whose youth had these beautiful walks and groves in which to think and commune with nature.—Millie A. Forster in "The International."

A SONG OF LOCHABER.

It was only a song,—an old song of Lochaber,
A song of the Land far across the wide sea;
A song of the glens—and the hills—and the heather,
A song of the days that are over for me!
A simple old song,—but it set the tears flowing
From a heart which I deemed was hard as a stone;
Oh for to think of it—Oh for to dream of it—
Oh for the days that are vanished and gone!

The Bothy still stands in the bonnie brown heather,
The hawthorne still blooms by the tenantless door;
But the hearth-stone is cold, and the feet that came hither—
The true hearts—the kind hearts—shall come nevermore!
The night winds—like ghosts—moan in through the casements,
The cold moonlight streams where the warm firelight shone!
Oh for to think of it—Oh for to dream of it—
Oh for the days that are vanished and gone!

The liltie still sings in the hush of the gloaming,
The cry of the corn-crake still rings in the Glen—
But the sweet human voices that long since went roaming—
Will never be heard in Lochaber again;
The light feet are tired—the bright eyes dim with weeping—
Some sleep in the desert, some wander alone,
Oh for to think of it—Oh for to dream of it—
Oh for the days that are vanished and gone!

Though never again shall the hearth-stone be lighted,
And though the tired feet shall return nevermore,
Yet I know there are nights when the old love is plighted
By the wraiths that slip in at the tenantless door!
Some foot-sore and tired from the sands of the desert—
And some with the Light where the sun never shone!
Oh for to think of it—Oh for to dream of it—
Oh for the days that are vanished and gone!

F. S.

Dec., 1900.

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SAN FRANCISCO

INTERESTING LETTERS FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

[Special to the BRITISH-CALIFORNIAN.]

Winburg, September 26th, 1900.

THE same old hope still abides with us—that the war will end shortly; but as a reminder that it still exists, the railroad has again been damaged, a train derailed, seven men killed and several of the troops injured. De Wet is still at large, and although Rundle's and Hunter's divisions Macdonald's brigade, and some Fusiliers thought they had him trapped, they found on closing in that the bird had flown. Of course there will be work to be done in the nursing and medical line until the troops are recalled and garrisons are formed in the different stations, when I suppose the regular army sisters will be appointed and the army reserve sisters called in. Before leaving South Africa I hope to see something of the Transvaal and will give you my impressions of the country. I send you some original photographs, which you may be able to use. The one of Winburg gives a very good idea of the town. Some of the soldiers have joined the Mounted Police—a force of 1200—intending to remain three or four years in South Africa; others expect, when discharged, to return and settle here. Many new industries can be developed here. Boer farmers usually own large tracts of land but only cultivate about ten acres. Formerly land could be bought for £1 per morgen (two acres). Irrigation systems have not yet been adopted, but when they are the country will change in appearance, as Southern California has done. The climate of Orange River Colony (and it is much the same in Transvaal) is very like that of Southern California, with the seasons reversed. Artesian water can be found at thirty feet, so you see there is a big future be-



Capture of Free State Flag and Boers by Tommies. (The prisoners are sitting.)
Photographed for the BRITISH-CALIFORNIAN.

fore the country when the development of its resources begins. I am told that the average Boer farmer, when he finds that he has raised more produce one year than he needs, then the next year he plants less. He does not want a surplus, for he is no speculator. His cattle and sheep feed themselves on the veldt, with Kaffirs to look after them, but with better feed how much superior the cattle would be. A few of the more enterprising farmers raise alfalfa, tobacco, corn, and fruit of all kinds, including oranges, but not much attention is bestowed on their cultivation. Sheep is a great industry here. We see thousands of them on the veldt, many white with black heads—comical creatures. I visited a farm where they do wool cleansing. They pay half-penny a pound for it. The cleaning is all done by hand, or, to be quite accurate, by feet. The process is quite interesting. The dirty wool is put into scalding-hot water, then is taken by buckets and dumped into a cold water tank that has a perforated bottom. The water rushes into this by power and flows out by a trough at the side, a Kaffir meantime treading the wool with his feet. It is again taken out by buckets and thrown into a kind of wringer, resembling a round churn, this squeezes the wool free from water. Then it is spread out on a pavement of stones, the Kaffirs turning it over until dry. It is finally put into a box, trodden as compact as possible, and turned out in the shape of a bale. Then it is covered

with burlap and shipped to London. When they get up-to-date machinery for doing this work the wool industry will greatly increase in importance.

I do not think wine grapes have been cultivated farther north than Cape Colony, but from what I can see and learn the country is suitable for their culture. The Cape wine is noted for its fine flavor. The vintage begins in February and ends in April—about 5,000,000 gallons being produced annually. Ostrich farming is also quite an industry in the Cape; some have tried it here and say that by feeding alfalfa the birds do well. The fine feathers fetch from \$40 to \$50 per pound. The tail feathers are pulled out, but the fine white feathers are cut off with shears, the stumps being drawn out two or three months later, without hurting the bird.

The mining resources are too well known to need more than mention. Kimberley's diamond mines are considered to be the most valuable in the world. A wonderful diamond, 201 carats, was found last week in Jagersfontein. The mines are nearly all operated by capitalists. I understand that the locator of a mine has not the same prospectors' rights that we have in California. The custom is this. The miner, or mining company, agrees to pay a farmer so much for the privilege of prospecting his land, then if a valuable deposit is discovered the miner pay the farmer a percentage of the profits, or so much a year, or buys the farm outright.

I receive regularly the British-Californians, which you are kind enough to send me, and I assure you that they are always very welcome, and put to good use. We never have too much reading matter. In the paper which reached me yesterday I notice, in my letter, a statement which is apt to be misleading. The great number of deaths from enteric fever which I refer to took place at Bloemfontein. Perhaps I did not make this sufficiently clear. At Winburg we were better prepared and used the public buildings for hospitals, instead of tents. In fact, the success of our hospital service at Winburg could not be better demonstrated than by the fact that out of 3,000 patients that have passed through our hands, we have only lost sixty. The epidemic has now practically ceased, there being only a few cases at present.

I must also thank you for your encouraging letter which reached me yesterday. Please thank the members of the committee for their kind interest in me, and say that it gives me great pleasure to know that I am carrying out their wishes.

ANNA J. GARLICK.

TELLS OF BOER TREACHERY AND AN INTERESTING COINCIDENCE.

Mr. H. Sydney Avery, who sends the sub-joined letter to his friend, Mr. H. St. Clair Boyd of this city, formerly resided in San Francisco. He was connected with the London and San Francisco Bank, and was well known in yachting and cricket circles. A few years ago he returned to London, and on the outbreak of the war went to the front with the City Imperial Volunteers. His letter is dated Winburg, O. R. C., September 28, 1900, and is, in part, as follows:

The day after we arrived in Thaba N'chu, seven other fellows and your humble servant were told off to escort some sixty odd prisoners to Wepener, Smithfield, and Rouseville, handing them over to the Commissioners at the various districts, where, doubtless, the majority of them would be released and given a "pass." Well, old man, we had a rare old time, you can bet, being "on our own." We were away over a fortnight. Two or three days after our return to Thaba N'chu, DeWet and his band had worked down country again. Our patrols were fired upon within a couple of miles of the town, and a rough time we had, until relieved by General Hamilton. In the meantime, Ladybrand, forty-five miles distant, had been besieged by the Boers. We had only a handful of men there, viz: Second and Fourth troops, First I. Y. and one company of the Worcester regiment (infantry). Only about 140, all told, whilst the enemy were over 3,000. Doubtless you have read of the gallant stand our fellows made. They took up a fine position on a kopje just inside the town and well entrenched themselves. The enemy had four big guns and shelled them incessantly for three days and

kept up a perpetual rifle fire. They endeavored to storm the kopje once, but they were soon repulsed in spite of their numbers. Our casualties were slight—five wounded—but our horses, mules, and oxen, being more exposed, were all blown to bits; the stench, when we entered the town, was something awful. I regret to say our Sergeant-Major, who is one of the best chaps on earth, had the lower part of his jaw blown away. When we marched into the town, he was standing outside the hospital, as calm as if nothing had happened. We cheered him lustily as we passed, but the poor fellow couldn't utter a sound—and, alas! never will again.

Going to the relief of Ladybrand we camped the first night near Leemo River, and during the night a number of Boers, who had been in hiding, fired on us. Our little band soon drove them away, however. One of our men had a remarkably lucky escape, his horse was shot in seven places, yet he never got a scratch. I must tell you that all the Boers use "dum-dum," "soft-nose" and explosive bullets. It would make you sick if you were to see a fellow after he had been hit with one of them. I have seen horses with half their sides blown out by one of these bullets. I asked one of the wounded Boers, who, by the way, had his bandolier full of "soft-nosed," if he did not think he deserved to be shot for using them. He replied that he had to fire what was given him.

Since leaving Ladybrand we have been attached to Colonel White's flying column, and have had rather exciting times. As you know, the Boers have broken up into small parties of tens and twenties. They get about very swiftly, having no transport to hinder them, and do a great deal of harm. Most of them are dressed in kharki, and until one gets right up to them they are taken for our men. However, they are paying for their treachery, stern measures being the order of the day. We burn down all the farm houses that shelter these wretches, also the houses of those who have broken their parole and joined the commands again.

I have been troubled with veldt sores and prickly heat for some time, and am now an inmate of the Town Hall hospital, Winburg, in consequence. We move off in two days' time and in the interim I am getting a rest. You will be surprised to hear that the Sister in charge here is the one sent out by California. I spotted her as an American right away. You can imagine how pleased I was to hear she came from San Francisco. Having only been here one day, I have not had much conversation with her, much as I should like to, but, of course, her time is too much occupied for talk. I may be mistaken, but I surmise that it was the British residents who sent her over, headed, no doubt, by that most popular man, Greer Harrison.* I tell you straight, old chap, California, or any other State, could not have sent over a better representative than Sister Garlick. We are all proud of her. Doctors and patients alike all agree that she is "one of the very best." I should like you to make it a point of seeing Mr. Harrison and the committee, and tell them what a great success Miss Garlick is, and how much we Tommies appreciate their kindness.

I don't think I shall go home after this campaign is ended, but give Dame Fortune a chance out here, although I think the country is paralyzed for several years to come. The whole colony seems to be laid waste, and doubtless famine in the land will be the result.

* * *

Mr. Avery's brother, Herbert, who also is serving his country in the field, has had some very narrow escapes through Boer treachery. A letter from his mother to Mr. Boyd relates this incident:

"On one occasion a white flag was hoisted over a farm, and three of the men approached the house. The Boer farmer came out and was shaking hands with them, when from behind they were fired upon, one of them having his gun shot out of his hand. Bert and the other man, fortunately, escaped without injury—which does not say much for Boer shooting. This is not the only experience Bert has had of the abominable treachery of the enemy."

* Assisted by Mr. James Brown and committees in San Francisco, Stockton, Nevada City, Vallejo and Benicia—ED.

Women can now vote in New Zealand and South Africa. They will probably be allowed to do so at the next election in West Australia and Queensland, and have been promised the franchise in New South Wales.

CHRISTMAS UNDER THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

AS so many readers of the British-Californian were interested to learn something of "The Most Socialistic Country in the World" it occurred to me they might, at this season of the year, be also interested to hear how we spend this festive season in the land of the Moa or in the land of the Kangaroo—for it is spent in identically the same manner either in New Zealand or Australia.

It is said that "one half the world knows not how the other half lives," and the saying is equally true when applied literally as when applied to the poor and rich. Many who have lived only in the Northern Hemisphere never think that the climatic conditions are completely reversed south of the equator so that Christmas is spent, not in front of the blazing Yule log but out under the deep blue Southern sky and a blazing sun, with a temperature often ranging over one hundred degrees in the shade. Though we have not the roaring fire and the white mantle of snow over the landscape we keep our Christmas time with many of the good old customs so cherished by those brought up in "dear old mother England." Please do not let me hear a whisper that Christmas in midsummer would not be like Christmas at all, else I shall return my pen to its rack and tell you no more of our doings under the twinkling Southern Cross.

Christmas time in Australasia is the great holiday season. The roast turkey or duck and flame-enveloped plum-pudding—with its hidden treasures (and terrible penalties in the form of horrible nightmares!) make their appearance in true English style, to gladden the hearts of young and old alike, the diners sitting down dressed in the whitest and lightest of summer clothes. Christmas day is the day of family reunion, separated members often traveling hundreds of miles to spend this one day at home. Christmas eve seems often to have an air of sadness; it is brightened with profuse decorations by lanterns and leaves and flowers; but whilst the young heart knows no gayer time it is often noted that the mothers and fathers are thinking sadly of the stalwart colonial children that have left them for the older and greater lands, or of some, maybe, who since the last Christmas eve have left for that Great Country from which no traveler returns.

After Christmas, excursions and picnics to the seaside, the mountains and native "bush," or forest, are in order for weeks to come. Many days are devoted to athletic contests, such as intercolonial cricket matches, or the matches against England (which cause as much interest as the race for the American Cup in this country), carnivals of sports, including bicycle, horse, foot, boat and yacht racing. Regattas, sea-trips and a variety of other pleasures follow one another in quick succession, for the Australasians do not take their pleasures sadly. The schools close for six weeks' holiday and all those who can afford then go and live for a time in the mountains or at the seaside, as their tastes incline.

New Year's day is never observed in the home like Christmas day; it is the great day for associating with friends in pleasure parties; and the long summer evenings at this time resound with the songs and music of the light-hearted merry-makers floating through the warm, motionless summer air from a drifting yacht, across the hills from the zig zag path or through the native trees and tree ferns from the bush track.

Not till the schools resume work can the holiday season be said to have ended, and even then many boys and men remain a month or two longer "in camp" at the seaside or other holiday resorts, traveling back and forth each day, still enjoying the long twilight of the evenings away from the busy haunts of the cities.

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BRITISH NEWS IN BRIEF.

Important News not Cabled to the Daily Press.

Mrs. Fletcher, London, has given £5,000 for endowment of chair of history in Aberdeen University.

The installation of Lord Rosebery as Lord Rector of Glasgow University took place on Nov. 16th.

New South Wales Legislature passed the bill for Pacific cable to cost \$9,875,000.

A Winnipeg dispatch promises a harvest of 25,000,000 bushels of wheat in Manitoba.

The gold yield of Queensland for August was 79,182 oz., against 73,699 oz. in August last year.

In addition to an earldom and a grant of £100,000, Lord Roberts will receive the Order of the Garter, it is said.

Third-class railway fares in India have been reduced to less than a farthing (half a cent) a mile.

The Russian government is to have a restaurant at Glasgow Exhibition.

The remains of Mr. Sims Reeves were cremated at Woking.

The Vancouver Board of Trade is urging the Dominion Government to establish the Canadian branch of the Royal Mint there.

The frozen mutton trade of New Zealand is flourishing, exports so far this year exceeding by 67,434 carcasses above the corresponding months of last year.

The War Office has decided to award war medals to the next-of-kin of soldiers who have died in the course of the campaign.

It is understood that Major-General Hector Macdonald will not return to Sirbind district when the troops begin to leave South Africa, but will be posted at Peshawur.

Toronto's new million dollar hotel will be ready for guests May, 1902. The site is where the old Walker store stands on King street.

Mr. Wigham, of Dublin, the lighting expert, has invented a paraffin lamp for the purpose of lighting buoys. It is designed to burn three months without attention.

The beds of the immense coal fields lately discovered in Zululand extend downward for forty-five feet in places, and the coal is of good quality.

The new Diamond Jubilee pavilion at the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary has just been opened by Princess Henry of Battenburg, youngest daughter of the Queen.

At a full meeting of the Folkestone Town Council, it was decided to apply for Parliamentary powers to construct a system of electric tramways in Folkestone at a cost of over £93,000.

For the fiscal year 1900, the total exports to British North America, from the United States, exceed those of any previous year, being \$97,041,722, as against \$89,570,458 in 1899, and \$84,889,819 in 1898.

A Montreal court has decided that you cannot dictate the religion of your heirs, declaring a son of the late Hon. J. L. Renaud entitled to his share in his father's estate, although he married out of the Catholic church contrary to the will.

At a harvest festival of St. Botolph's, Aldersgate, a conspicuous object, says the City Press, was a magnificent bunch of grapes that had been grown in the vicar's garden in Charterhouse square.

Bishop Barry recently consecrated the Church of St. Augustine, Lillieroad, Fulham, which has been erected as a memorial of the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria, at a cost of nearly £70,000.

Canada leads the United States both in quality and quantity of her dairy products at the Paris Exposition, and she has been awarded four additional gold medals for the fresh fruit of this year's picking.

All the crops grown in Ireland this year, with the exception of potatoes, have proved satisfactory. The areas of some of the principal crops are officially returned as: Wheat, 53,797 acres; barley, 174,000; oats, 1,104,848; potatoes, 654,413; turnips, 297,895; mangels, 68,838.

The Canadian Order of Foresters closed its 21st year on the 21st ult., and is stronger than at any time of its history. It has a membership of nearly 40,000, and a fund of almost one million dollars.

The presentation to be made to Lord Roberts by the women of Ireland is to consist of a Star of the Order of St. Patrick—the Commander-in-Chief's decoration—in fine diamonds.

The Canadian Government has decided not to disband Strathcona's Horse on its return to Canada, but to make the regiment the nucleus of a mounted infantry corps in the Northwest Territories.

The Black Watch claims the highest total of killed and wounded among all British battalions during the war in South Africa, while the Second Seaforth Highlanders have the highest number of killed.

At a special service on the 2nd inst. at St. Saviour's Collegiate Church, Southwark, the Bishop of Rochester unveiled and dedicated a window to commemorate John Bunyan, who at one time preached at a chapel at Zoar street, close by.

Mr. Edmund Johnson, the well-known jeweller and silversmith of Dublin, is dead. Mr. Johnson was a great rifle shot, and the first man to have the record of fifteen bull's-eyes consecutively, at the 900 yards range. This feat he accomplished at Creedmore, U. S., in 1876.

An Old-Age Pensions Bill has been introduced in the New South Wales Legislative Assembly. It proposes that persons of 65 years of age who have resided in the colony for 25 years shall be eligible for a pension from the Colonial funds.

The Duke of Argyle suggests that British Industrial School children, when they have attained a certain age, should be sent out to South Africa and established on the veldt in a series of farming communities. The children to be properly prepared for their future home and employment.

Lord Roberts holds quite aloof from all electioneering, and one of the speeches delivered at Swansea claimed that "Bobs" had expressed a desire that a Unionist Government should be returned to power, on hearing which, his Lordship promptly wired: "Never mix in politics."

Sir Cornelius Alfred Maloney has been appointed Governor of Trinidad and Tobago Island, and will be succeeded as Governor of the Windward Islands by Sir Robert Baxter Llewellyn, now administrator of the Colony of the Gambia, and formerly administrator of Tobago Island.

At Montreal recently the Earl of Minto, the Governor-General of Canada, unveiled a statue of the Queen, erected at the imposing entrance of the Royal Victoria College for the higher education of women. The sculptor of the statue is Princess Louise.

At a meeting of the Bloemfontein town council, the Mayor announced that the military authorities required a piece of ground for barracks for a permanent garrison of 7,000 troops. A committee was appointed to select a site for the purpose.

The regimental dog of the Leinster regiment, which went astray in Southampton some months ago and was adopted by the Cheshire regiment, recognized his old corps while on outpost duty in South Africa, and returned to his former masters.

Much interest has been created throughout Canada by a statement made by Captain Thomas, Company C of the Royal Canadian Regiment, to the effect that Lord Roberts, previous to the departure of the regiment for home, told the officers that he would visit Canada in 1901 "to renew his acquaintance with his comrades in arms."

A lifelike effigy of President Kruger has been hanged to the arm of an electric lamp post in Dublin by a practical joker. It was reported to the police early in the morning after Hallow-e'en that an object in the shape of a man was exposed to the public gaze in this way. A constable procured a ladder and cut the figure down, and with great dignity removed it to the police station to await destruction. The effigy was dressed in an old tweed suit with long yellow boots, the face being artistically modelled in wax. The report says nothing about the hat.

Brodie of Brodie, who served in Lord Lovat's scouts and was wounded in the leg, received a most enthusiastic welcome the other day on his return from South Africa to Brodie Castle. The approach to the castle from the station was thronged with friends, neighbors, tenantry, and school children, and the laird's reception was a truly Highland one.

According to the annual report of the London County Council, the total number of open spaces under its control is 91, against 40 in 1889-1900. The acreage in the same period has increased from 2,656 to 3,809½, the permanent staff from 333 to 769, and the cost of maintenance from £52,751 to £114,515.

Arabi Pasha has been allowed to return to Egypt from his exile in Ceylon. It is now eighteen years since he failed in his attempt to establish an independent Arab State on the lower Nile, and was banished. The fact of his being allowed to return shows how secure British authority is considered in Egypt.

A winter garden, presented to the people of Springburn, Glasgow, by Messrs. Reid, of Hyde Park Locomotive Works, was opened on the 6th ult., and the foundation stone of a new public hall was laid by Lord Provost Chisholm. The garden has cost £10,000, and the hall will cost about £12,000.

Prof. Harris, professor of bacteriology at Guelph Agricultural College, after an absence in Europe of 18 months studying agricultural matters, says Ontario is ahead of all other countries in agricultural implements, but behind in other matters, particularly in dairying, about which she has much to learn from Denmark.

The Mayor of Nice, writing to Messrs. Cook's journal, "The Traveller," denies the reports that Nice is preparing a reception in honor of Mr. Kruger. "We do not even know where Mr. Kruger will stay," he says, and goes on to make the following statement: "What we do know, on the other hand, is that her Majesty Queen Victoria will very probably pay another visit to Cimiez next spring."

Before embarking at Liverpool for the homeward voyage a detachment of Canadian volunteers were entertained by the Lord Mayor to lunch. Responding to his lordship's toast of the Canadian contingent, Sergeant Mellish said that within three days 50,000 Canadians volunteered for service in South Africa. During the entire campaign the sergeant declared the Canadians had never suffered a reverse.

The first auction of Crown claims in the Klondike was held on the 2nd ult. at Dawson city. 300 claims were offered, 200 sold for \$1 to \$1,350. Sale realized \$19,000. 4,700 claims will be offered for sale next month, and if not sold, opened for re-location. Dawson people are rejoiced over an order of the government abolishing Crown claims. In the future, claims abandoned by their owners will be subjected to re-location, and will not revert to the Crown.

In Great Britain an advance of 5 per cent. on standard wages will be paid to coal miners in the federated districts on the next pay-day. This is the first instalment of the 15 per cent. advance agreed upon by the Board of Conciliation. In the aggregate this is one of the biggest changes ever recorded, and, if the year 1873 be excepted, miners' wages are now higher than they ever stood before. If the total advance is paid for a year it will mean that an additional 2½ millions of money will have been distributed among the miners in the federated districts.

HANDSOME CONTRIBUTION.

We are in receipt of the official report of the Sons of St. George Mansion House Fund. It shows that the various subordinate lodges in the United States contributed in the aggregate the splendid sum of \$40,039.71. The New York lodges head the list with \$8,000. Receipt of the money has been acknowledged by the Lord Mayor of London.

A COMPLIMENT FROM LONDON.

On the Pacific Coast THE BRITISH CALIFORNIAN gallantly represents the views of a very powerful body of Britishers there. Sympathy with Britain exists in a place so far off even as California. The British-American Union sticks up well for the unification of the English-speaking races. THE BRITISH-CALIFORNIAN is doing good work over there, and helping to discount some of the extraordinary statements made with regard to the treatment of the Boers by the British, and vice versa.—*The Review*, London, England.

SUITABLE CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

We have secured a number of copies of a splendid book on the "War in South Africa," by James H. Birch, Jr., who has recently returned from the Transvaal. The account of the great struggle between the British and the Boers is most thrillingly described, and is illustrated by innumerable photo-type engravings many of them in natural colors. The work covers over 500 pages, bound in one large volume, and is a complete history of the war and the causes that led to it. It abounds in stories of heroic exploits and daring deeds, and gives some vivid pictures of South African life and scenery. It is a book of permanent interest, and would make a valuable addition to any library. Bound in fine cloth, stamped in colors, plain edges, the price is \$1.75; bound in half morocco, gilt title, marbled edges, \$2.25. Send orders to the British-Californian, 508 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

SOUVENIRS OF THE WAR.

We have received from England a second consignment of patriotic handkerchiefs, illustrating incidents in connection with the war, and printed in from three to six colors. There are some twenty different designs, all artistic and well executed. They make pretty souvenirs of the war. As these handkerchiefs are rapidly going out of the market, parties wishing them should not delay sending their orders. The price is twenty cents each, or three for fifty cents—all different. BRITISH-CALIFORNIAN, 508 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

Photo buttons are all the rage just now. We have secured the last in the market of Queen Victoria and Lord Roberts. They are printed on celluloid in several colors, and are encased in a metal frame. The price is 5 cents each. Send orders to the BRITISH-CALIFORNIAN, 508 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

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I SUBMIT from my experience of human affairs that those ties are strongest which are not written out. Those ties are the strongest which are elastic. It is dangerous to make a bond of a substance which will not bend; and the British Empire will bend, it is flexible in every point; it represents a people who hold together with common sense and justice. I doubt very much whether the British Empire by any modification of its representative system, by any modifications or creation of institutions like the Privy Council, could ever create the Empire in a stronger form than it exists today. The British Empire never was so strong as it is today [applause]. And it is the strongest organization that ever existed in the history of the world, and yet it has no Constitution written out, it has no specified system of relations—stands therefore on simple natural growth; the colonies going on their own way, making their own laws, even holding the tariff laws against the Mother Country; protected by the fleet of the Mother Country, submitting to its leadership, joined together essentially by a common sympathy and a common belief in law and order, and a common love of the English Crown. * * * Some may think that the United States is a part of the British Empire—all this territory represented by the United States, Australia, New Zealand, India, Egypt, belongs to the Greater Britain, because this territory has been occupied and reduced to order for civilized mankind in accordance with the motives and principles of the old British Empire. It was probably for the good of all that we cut loose from England, it was probably better for the world. We have developed here institutions of our own suited to the people that have come here. The English expansion has generally taken place under a desire to provide proper protection and guarantees for English commerce where it has already gone. There is a perfectly righteous expansion along this line, a natural expansion that the existing government provide protection of law courts and police for the commercial endeavors, and the property located in the different part of the world. Artificial expansion whereby communities of people are diverted from their natural destiny and exploited in the interest of greed—such expansion as that is not true, is not proper, is to be condemned. A great deal of the expansion of the English Empire seems to me to have been in the main an attempt to provide in the different parts of the world the forms of order and the guarantees of safety. I have noticed in going about in the world that I have generally felt thankful on coming on to soil under the English government and over which floated the English flag—for I have no prejudices on this subject, no prejudices by which I should prefer English sovereignty to take the place of other sovereignties—but I simply felt that my baggage would be protected, and that if I got into trouble with people I should be hailed before a proper court. I know the Magna Charta is there, and I shall never be tried and condemned without a hearing; I shall have a proper recourse and the protection of the forms of the laws. * * * I come to think that it is not blood that holds us together, but it is a common-sense love of fair play that holds us together. In the main that is what the world wants. It wants virile men, men that hit hard and work and take risks, men that play fair and if they are mean confess it. The British and Americans speak the same tongue in which Shakespear's plays were written and the English Bible transcribed, and through that tongue they have learned to communicate with each other through greater ranges than those over which the Union Jack floats. It is only on that territory that men can play football and not get mad. It is only in these courts that men know the difference between men without relation to their bank accounts. It is the belief in the rough play, but in the fair play, and Anglo-Saxonism is not a word for blood, but for the ultimate ideals of manhood.

BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER.

THIS American continent is divided by an invisible line, which runs for some thousands of miles. It was my privilege some time ago to take a party across that line to visit on the other side of the line, and I found that

the great difference between the Canadians and the Americans is that the Canadians eat porridge for breakfast and the American cousins eat mush. [Laughter]. The differences are purely superficial, they are transient. We speak a common language, and in history stand essentially for the same principles of civilization. Whether under the Stars and Stripes or under the Union Jack, you will find a democratic government by the people and for the people; you will find the same love of constitutional freedom, the same liberty of thought, and speech, and action; you will find the same equality for all, of whatever creed or color, in the eye of the law. It may be a paradox which I am about to utter, for I tell you that if the New England colonists in 1776 had not been Englishmen they would never have risen in defence of their just and lawful rights. The rights and principles of 1776 were the rights and principles of Englishmen, the principles of English liberty which Englishmen have held sacred for centuries, the principles for which Englishmen fought and died long before 1776, and which the temporary government of Great Britain was setting aside and violating.

H. R. FAIRCLOUGH, M. A.

Stanford University.

SOME of us believe that a British-American alliance would be valuable, a guarantee of peace, and the surest protector of commerce. But we all know that before such an alliance takes place, if it is to be anything but a treaty on paper, there must be a preparation for it in the minds of the people. The union of hearts has always to precede a union of hands. The parties must not only be agreed, but they must love and respect each other, and if there is to be a union of hands without this union of hearts the union is likely to be a very imperilled one, and likely to have a very disastrous end. Now is there this union of hearts; are we prepared by mutual affection and mutual esteem for a closer, a more binding union? I went, a few weeks ago, to a meeting in the Metropolitan Hall, a meeting called with reference to an alliance between the United States and Great Britain, and if I am to judge from what I heard at that meeting I should certainly say that we were very far yet from a preparedness for such an alliance. I do not hesitate to say that in the course of an hour I heard more of England's misdeeds and misdoings, and more of her shame and her disgrace than I had ever known before. Further than that I do not hesitate to say that I heard more of vilification of Great Britain and jealousy of Great Britain than I had heard in all the fifty years and more in which I have lived in England, more vilification of Great Britain in that one hour than I had ever heard of vilification of the United States. Although I have lived in England more than fifty years, and during more than half of that time I took a public share in the life of Great Britain, I do not know that I ever heard a single word spoken, either publicly or in Parliament, in vilification of the United States. But I believe that neither that pious prayer that we heard from a high candidate for office, a prayer that God might be pleased to lay England in the dust, I do not believe the vilification of that meeting or the prayer of that candidate for office in any manner represent the true sentiment of the American people. It does not represent the sentiment of men who think for themselves, who read for themselves, who form their own judgment of what is best.

H. DIGBY JOHNSTON, L. L. D.

NEW national allegiances do not mean the consignment of one's mother land to the oblivion of forgetfulness, nor the conversion of affection for the land of one's birth to a spirit of hatred and enmity. We are none the less loyal to the Government under which we live, and to which we have sworn fealty in all sincerity, because we continue to be affectionately interested in the land of our birth, and to wish it exemption from all evil.

Between Britain and the nation of which most of us, at least, are today citizens, there exists an indivisible bond of blood. We belong to a common stock, our instincts are similar. We have borrowed our laws from the Mother Country,

Her language is ours. Our interests are identical. Our social customs are the same. Our habits of life agree. Our thoughts run in the same groove. Our traditions spring from the same source. Our sympathies are alike. Our ambitions correspond. Our methods of government agree in principle. Our laws have been patterned on the same line. Our civilization is the same. We rejoice in one another's successes; we share one another's griefs and misfortunes. We have a common destiny in the process of national development. Therefore, if there is no actual political alliance between us, it neither means nor implies that there shall not be an unwritten bond of sympathy and understood co-operation for a common purpose. And it is to foster this that I conceive the aim and object of the British-American Union to be. For one, I take no stock in the mistaken assumption which was recently expressed by a distinguished educator, that the British Empire was already in a state of decadence. I would just as soon assume that the glorious country of our adoption was on the eve of national dissolution. Such a pessimistic notion regarding the status of the British Empire is the bantling of a warped judgment or the delusion of a clouded or a prejudiced intellect. It is certainly unsupported by fact. Nor do I share in the opinion of another of the same type of sociological students and teachers that the next twenty years will determine the fate of the Empire. He who thinks so cannot have been a close reader and student of recent and correct history.

Within the past three years the civilized world has had an object-lesson which it will not forget in the next century, to the effect that the vigor and valor of the Anglo-Saxon has not been destroyed by commercialism, or diminished by long abstinence from the horrors of war. The glory which the Anglo-Saxon won on the field of Waterloo, and which crowned the heights of Alma, and made the name Lucknow ring down the ages, has not departed from the race, and will not, so long as Elandslaagte, Modder River, Paardeberg, Mafeking and Ladysmith, San Juan and El Caney retain their places on the map of the world; nor can it be said that the Anglo-Saxon prowess and supremacy on the sea which Blake established in the time of Elizabeth, and which Nelson re-asserted at Aboukir Bay and Trafalgar have been lost; so long as the memory of Manila Bay and Santiago lingers in the minds of men. Blood will tell; and it was the same blood that manifested itself in each of these encounters which have altered the current of history and revised the maps of three continents. Britain and America are the salt of the earth. Wherever their jurisdiction is extended humanity is benefited. They are the beacon lights of modern civilization. Wherever they lead, the world follows to its own profit.

TALIESIN EVANS.

WHEREVER the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes float there will be liberty, enlightenment; and wherever the drums beat these two countries follow; and where they go you will see the curling smoke from the school-houses. In the union of these two countries there is no destruction, but enlightenment and liberty.

Wherever there is an English settlement there is the school-house, and wherever there is an American settlement there is the schoolhouse; and wherever you enlighten the people, and put into their minds the power to think, there you have nations that do not want to fight but shake hands. And so I say, "God bless the Queen"—"God bless the President."

W. A. NICHOLSON.

A. ANDREWS' DIAMOND PALACE.

Christmas is close at hand and New Years' Day also, and readers will be thinking over the many presents which they must make to their dear ones and friends near and far. The owner of Diamond Palace has anticipated their kind wishes by offering his diamonds, small and large, in every form of jewelry, rings, lockets, brooches, scarf-pins, hair ornaments, earrings, studs, buttons, etc., at a discount of 30 per cent on the regular prices. This will enable all from the highest to the lowest to secure imperishable heirlooms, which are everlastingly valuable at prices not before seen. These gems form a family reserve fund, which can always be drawn upon in time of stress, besides being forever beautiful.

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BRITISH NEWS IN BRIEF—Con'd.

The trial shipment of Canadian grapes for England is a success.

Major-General Hector Macdonald has secured several Boer trophies for Glasgow Exhibition.

October Customs returns, Toronto, were \$2,483,951, an increase of \$23,941 over October last year.

The South African medal ribbon will be mainly of yellow, with a red stripe at each side and two narrower blue stripes.

Canada has been awarded the only grand prize offered at the Paris Exposition for export of fruit.

Sir Henry Wentworth Dyke Acland Radcliffe, librarian at Oxford University since 1851, is dead.

On November 2 the Mansion House Fund for the Transvaal war sufferers amounted to £1,021,100, and the India famine fund to £383,200.

The Glasgow and West of Scotland Technical College has received a gift of £10,000 from Mr. T. Graham Young, West Calder, as part of the cost of a new college.

262 steamers arrived at Dawson City the last fiscal year, with 15,000 tons of goods, and \$20,000,000 in gold was taken out this season.

The inauguration of the Australian Commonwealth will be celebrated in London by a banquet, which will take place about the middle of January.

The Monmouth corporation will present the freedom of the borough to Lord Llangattock, in recognition of his great generosity to the town. The last recipient of the honor was Lord Nelson, in 1802.

A dispatch from Paris to the New York Herald says that the exposition authorities closed the Transvaal pavilion because Mr. Pierson, the Transvaal commissioner-general, refused to remove the inscriptions insulting to Britain, with which the walls were covered.

The next University boat race has been provisionally fixed for Saturday, March 30, 1901.

At a meeting of the cricket captains of the first-class counties to be held at Lord's, on December 10, opinions will be taken on the leg-before-wicket question.

In the honors which are being showered upon the returned C. I. V.'s, the memories of their gallant dead are not to be forgotten. A bronze memorial tablet bearing a suitable inscription is to be placed in the parish church of each member of the regiment who has fallen.

The wine list for the banquet to the returning C. I. V.'s, included 900 quarts of champagne, 400 bottles of sherry, and 300 bottles of claret. Rather a peculiar commentary on the request recently issued by Lord Wolseley to the people not to give drinks to the returning soldiers.

Mr. Learmont Drysdale, the young Scottish composer, who has been commissioned to write the inaugural music for Glasgow's exhibition in 1901, has decided that his work shall take the form of a short cantata. Mr. Rudyard Kipling has been approached on the matter of furnishing a libretto.

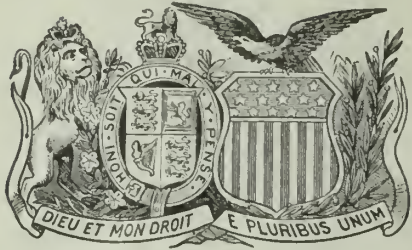
The Ontario government announces its intention of giving a free grant of 160 acres in the northern part of the province to every man enrolled for active service in South Africa, who, at the time of his enrolment, was resident in the province of Ontario.

Lord Roberts, after an inspection of one of the Canadian field batteries, said he was much pleased with the appearance of the men and horses, and asked if they had any complaints to make, to which Major Hurdman, on behalf of the men, said the only complaint was that they did not get enough fighting.

The annual report on changes in rates of wages and hours of labor in the United Kingdom has been issued. Employment was still more active in 1899 than in 1898 the percentage of unemployed members of Trade Unions making returns to the Board of Trade being lower than in any year since 1890. The net result of the changes of wages of all classes of work people in 1899 was an aggregate rise of wages of no less than £115,000 per week, compared with £95,000 in 1898, and £45,000 in 1897.

Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey is a gentleman's drink.

THE BRITISH-AMERICAN UNION.



THE announcement that Irving M. Scott, Taliesin Evans and W. A. S. Nicholson would address the British-American Union on Wednesday evening the 5th inst., had the effect of crowding Academy of Sciences Hall with a select and representative audience. It was the fourth open meeting under the auspices of the Union, and by far the most interesting and enjoyable. Mr. Scott took for his theme "The Growth of Liberty." In a graphic and entertaining way he showed how the idea of liberty, as we understand it, had its inception in the old world, crossed the Atlantic with the Pilgrim Fathers, developed and perfected itself in its new environs, finally diffusing its benign light over the world. The commonwealth was born, said the speaker, when in 1649, it was declared by the British Parliament "That the people under God are the original of all just power. That the Common House of Parliament being chosen by and representing the people has the supreme power, and whatever is by them enacted has the force of law, though consent of King and peers be not added to it." Then was emphasized human liberty.

Mr. Evans' and Nicholson's remarks had a bearing on the Union and the sentiment it stands for, and were particularly felicitous, the audience manifesting its pleasure by the heartiest of applause. Dr. F. W. D'Evelyn, first Vice-President of the Union, had a very gratifying report to make on the progress that was being made by the organization. He in part said: "Since our last meeting the British-American Union has taken a step in a practical direction, namely in co-operating with the Atlantic Union of London. The Atlantic Union is a society purely social in its character, and exists for the purpose of enabling Americans and Colonials visiting Great Britain to acquire a more intimate knowledge of the British people, and a more intimate acquaintance with the home life of the British people, and to afford opportunity for that intelligent intercourse between those who have the desire to associate for the very laudable object of cementing more closely instead of forcing asunder the friendship that exists between the two great branches of a common race. The Atlantic Union has been liberally supported by many prominent persons representing the learned professions, the arts and sciences, and both houses of Parliament. Among the list of names let me note: P. W. Clayden, President Institute of Journalism, Lord Coleridge, Dean Farrar (Canterbury), Sir Martin Conway, The Primate of Ireland, Lord Kinnaird, Sir John Kennaway, M. P., James Henry Foxall, M. P., Sir Michael Foster, M. P., and many others. The idea, as ex-

emplified by the Atlantic Union, has been communicated to many prominent men in the United States and has been received with much favor."

This important announcement was received with marked appreciation by all present. The vocal and instrumental music was, as on former occasions, of the highest order, and was greatly enjoyed. Mrs. J. J. Newbegin, Mr. Robert Lloyd and Mr. H. M. Fortescue rendered solos in the most perfect manner; Miss Carolyn Johnston and Mr. Wm. A. Keogh drew sweet airs from the violin, and Miss Ada Newbegin did clever work on the piano.

President Wm. Greer Harrison occupied the chair and had many messages of cheer and good council for those who have enlisted their services in the cause.

There will be no open meeting next month; instead, the entire evening of the first Wednesday in January will be taken up with business. There is need that the membership should get down to detail work, and all who are on the roll should make it a point of beginning the New Year right by doing their duty in attending.

YULETIDE FESTIVAL.

A SCENIC presentation of Bracebridge Hall (as described by Washington Irving), will be the feature of a grand Yuletide Festival to be held in Odd Fellows' Hall, Market and 7th streets, San Francisco, on Wednesday evening, the 19th inst. This novel attraction will embrace some of the Christmas revels of the olden days, with carol singers, waits, mummers, etc. Appropriate scenery and music have been procured for the production, which will be the first of its kind ever given in California. The music is to be directed by Dr. H. J. Stewart and Prof. Wallace A. Sabin, our foremost artists in this line, while no less competent a person than Prof. Leo Cooper will have charge of the stage arrangements. This rare musical treat is given under the auspices of the British-American Union—a guarantee of excellence in itself. To those born in the old land, it will be a veritable Christmas at home; to Americans it will prove the realization of a fond wish. No one can afford to miss it, as the opportunity may never come again. General admission will be 50 cents and 25 cents; a few reserved seats \$1.00. The following committee have the affair in charge: A. E. Acklom (chairman), Prof. Thos. Price, J. Rose-Soley, H. T. Roberts, Dr. D'Evelyn, C. B. Sedgwick, E. J. Martin, Joseph Nash, Wm. Pardy, J. B. McNa-

mara, T. Pennington, Dr. C. Abbott, J. J. Newbegin, V. Sollom, Brandon Clarke and a committee of ladies.

FRESNO SCOTS.

The regular monthly meeting of the St. Andrew's Society of Fresno was held on the 9th inst., when the following officers were installed: George P. Beveridge, president; Adam Baird, vice-president; Wm. Dick, secretary; relief committee—C. B. Anton, A. C. Miller, A. K. Dick; trustees—J. T. Beveridge, Wm. Mowat, David Spence. St. Andrew's Day was appropriately celebrated with a banquet.

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Sometimes there has been talk of war; but our Anglo-American Union, magnanimous and invincible, has invoked the Angel of Peace, and the voice of Moloch has died away, like a roll of distant thunder, in the nethermost abyss.

The rest of mankind, who at first hoped, afterwards envied, and finally imitated us; the Teutonic, the Latin, the Russian and the Mongolian Confederation have, in turn, been formed on the model of ours, and each has ended by affiliating with our glorious Union—the sole condition of admission being the absolute submission of international disputes, great and small, to the appointed tribunal.

During the past century no warrior of Anglo-Saxon blood has fallen in battle; no epidemic has appeared, or famine raged on Anglo-Saxon soil; the English-speaking people have enjoyed electrical communication at trifling cost; import duties have been abolished, except on intoxicants, and articles of pure luxury; our children have been educated, each to the limit of his capacity; every worker has lived in honor and substantial comfort, with a provision for old age; the essential truths of the Christian religion have been incorporated in our laws, and have influenced our opinions; above all else, we have learned to love our neighbors, Jew and Gentile, white, black or yellow, as ourselves.

War is gone, pestilence is gone; sin is fast disappearing; Earth is the fairest and happiest among the planets."

* It took place in San Francisco, July 24, 1900. [ED. BRITISH-CALIFORNIAN.]

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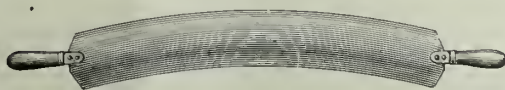
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CYMRODORION SOCIETY.

THE newly elected officers of the Society were formally installed by the retiring president, Mr. Taliesin Evans, on Friday evening, November 23rd. A social followed, the features of which were: piano solos by Miss Maggie Davis; songs in Welsh, R. J. Hughes; recitations, Mrs. Jones, and vocal numbers by David Lewis and R. W. Jones. President Prof. Thomas Price announced that a series of entertainments would be given by the Society during the winter months and that there would be the usual observance of St. David's Day, March 1st.

THE BRITISH IN SEATTLE.

British-born residents of Seattle have organized under the name of "American-British League," the object being "to promote goodwill between the United States and Great Britain." The Hon. John W. Pratt is President, Austin E. Griffiths, Secretary, and D. McKenzie, Treasurer. Most of the leading American and British citizens of Seattle have identified themselves with the movement. The first public function under the auspices of the League was given a few weeks ago, when the Seattle Theatre was crowded with members and friends to celebrate the triumph of the Anglo-Saxon idea in South Africa. The press referred to the gathering as one remarkable for its enthusiasm. President Pratt is an old British soldier, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel.

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SONS OF ST. GEORGE.

BURNABY LODGE has installed new officers to serve for the ensuing term, as follows: President, A. W. Martin; Vice-President, G. F. Airey; Secretary, R. J. Airey; Treasurer, Geo. Wale; Assistant Secretary, P. Woodhouse; Messenger, G. E. Fisher; Trustees, Thomas Evans and W. H. Fuller; Physician, Dr. E. W. Thomas; Outside Sentinel, J. F. Johns; Inside Sentinel, O. Winterbottom; Assistant Messenger, T. Merryweather; Chaplain, Dr. Malaby. Two new members, R. Leach and Ed Palmer have been added to the roll.

The social given by Pickwick Lodge on the 3rd inst. was enjoyed by a goodly gathering of members and friends, the programme including songs by Messrs. F. H. Mather (of the Royal College of Music, London, and a recent arrival on this Coast), Wm. Walker, Tom Booth, J. H. Molloy, J. B. Brown and Hugh Williamson; remarks by H. Digby Johnston, and an exhibition drill by Master Coates. The great attraction, however, was the raffle for the handsome framed portrait of Lord Roberts, which was donated to the Lodge by brother G. B. Rosewell. Ticket 497 was the lucky number, the winner being Richard Wilson. At its last meeting Pickwick installed with appropriate ceremonies the following officers: Past President, C. Bloxham; President, H. T. Ford; Vice-President, W. R. Whyte; Secretary, T. Poyser, Assistant Secretary, J. Brown; Messenger, G. B. Rosewell; Treasurer, T. Musgrave; Physician, Dr. S. J. Hunkin; Assistant Messenger, F. Norrington, Jr.; Chaplain, H. Digby Johnston; Sentinel, A. F. Blanchflower, Jr.; Outside Sentinel, Fred Croke.

Jubilee Lodge, Sacramento, is progressing nicely, new members being added to the membership roll almost every meeting. Recently the Lodge gave an entertainment in aid of its Social Fund, realizing over \$40. The programme was of a specially interesting nature and was rendered by members and friends. Many of Sacramento's best known citizens were among the audience and expressed themselves as delighted with the way in which they had been entertained. Brother M. H. Dunn, one of the original founders of the Lodge, was in the city recently and informed us that the prospects before the Lodge had never been brighter. The finances are in excellent condition. During the holidays the members will enjoy a Christmas Party and Re-union.

Grand Secretary, Thomas Poyser, is in receipt of the Eleventh Annual Report

of the Supreme Lodge, which shows that the Order is making steady progress all over the United States and British Columbia. One of the most interesting of the reports is that relating to the Mansion House Relief Fund. From it we learn that the various subordinate lodges collected in the aggregate the magnificent sum of \$40,039.71. Very few of the lodges make a better showing than Pickwick and Burnaby, the former having contributed \$440 and the latter \$412.25.

Derby Lodge, Alameda, we are glad to hear, continues to make headway. Dr. Thomas Carpenter, the well-known veterinary surgeon, is among the recent initiations, while Capt. Fred Stott, of the *Speke*, has been elected an honorary member. The information reached us too late for our last issue that Derby Lodge had contributed \$10 to the Indian Famine Fund.

Past Grand President Henry Tregoning installed Victory Lodge's new officers on the 10th inst., following which there was a social, Brother F. Manhire being presented with a handsome Past-President's badge. The new officers are: President, J. Hogarth; vice-president, J. Knight; secretary, E. W. Maynard; treasurer, J. B. Cambers, messenger, W. Geldhardt.

DAUGHTERS OF ST. GEORGE.

THE first snowstorm of the season occurred on Tuesday evening, the 11th inst., when, for the benefit of Britannia Lodge's "Mutual Benefit Fund," the members and friends of the Lodge participated in the old world sport of snow-balling. Chipped paper made a good substitute for snow, and as it didn't melt no one caught cold and died. So the Mutual Benefit Fund has not increased its liabilities, as would have been the case had the snow been real. On the contrary the door receipts made a welcome addition to the finances. There was some excellent orchestral and vocal music, and some good singing, which, followed by a general dance, made up a programme in every way entertaining and enjoyable. The party was held in Pythian Hall, Mrs. P. Williams presiding. Britannia Lodge has installed the following officers: President, Mrs. A. Price; Vice-President, Mrs. R. Hewitt; Financial Sec., Mrs. Helen Williams; Rec. Sec., Mrs. R. Meadows; Treasurer, Mrs. Etta McMenomy; Chaplain, Mrs. F. Norrington; First Cond. Mrs. E. Goss; Second Cond., Mrs. Nellie Stickney; In. G., Mrs. J. Putney, O. G., Mrs. M. A. Corder; P. P., Mrs. S. Clack; Organ-

ist, Miss A. Beauford; D. Dep. W. G. Pres., Mrs. Alice E. Creba. After the ceremony of installation the retiring P. Pres. Mrs. Phoebe A. Williams was presented with a gold badge in behalf of the Lodge as a recognition of services rendered during her term of office.

CLAN FRASER NO. 78.

ON Friday evening, November 23d, the members of Clan Fraser celebrated the tenth anniversary of their flourishing young organization with a banquet at the Cosmos Restaurant. There was a goodly attendance and the exchange of fraternal greetings was of the heartiest. The Clan has made great progress during the year, having won honorable mention from headquarters for increase of membership. Ciansman Maxwell L. Crowe carried off a prize for individual effort in this line. The anniversary gathering, therefore, was held under the happiest auspices. The programme was as follows: Overture, by Sichel's orchestra; Introductory Address, Chief G. G. Gillespie; Toast, "The President," Response by Chaplain Rev. C. G. Paterson; Solo and Chorus, "The Star Spangled Banner," Mrs. Eva Tenny; Toast, "The Queen," Response by Past Chief Edward Kerr; Song, W. D. Halket; Toast, "The Land We Live In," Response by Physician Dr. George Adam; Song, Miss H. M. Wilson; Toast, "The Land o' the Heather," John G. McGillivray; Song, Selected, L. A. Larsen; Toast, "The Order of Scottish Clans," Response by Treasurer M. L. Crowe; Song, "Mother Dear I'll Come Home Again," Hugh Fraser; Toast, "Our Sister Scottish Societies," Wm. Balnaves; Song, Selected, Mrs. Eva Tenny; Toast, "The Ladies," Response by Hugh Fraser.

The Clan has elected officers as follows: Chief, William Rae; tanist, John W. King; chaplain, Hugh Fraser; secretary, William Cormack; financial secretary, Thomas Wilson; treasurer, M. L. Crowe; physician, Dr. George Adam; senior henchman, Walter Reed; junior henchman, Alex King; seneschal, Wm. Harrower; warden, John C. Moore; sentinel, James O. Fraser; standard bearer, Thomas A. Munro; trustees—John W. King, I. S. R. Tevendale, Charles Adams; pipers—I. S. R. Tevendale and Adam Ross.

OAKLAND ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY.

PRESIDENT KYDD recently gave a stag party at his home on Chestnut street, which was largely attended by members of St. Andrew's Society.

At 10 o'clock the slogan sounded from the dining room, and what a grand sight it was, "pies and porter," great, big hot Scotch bridles, such as only a Forfar man can make. Mr. James Pollitt was toast master of the occasion. The speakers of the evening were President Kydd, Messrs. James P. Taylor, James Pollitt, Hugh Hamilton, Geo. Lackie, ex-Sheriff Robert McKillican and James Hutchinson.

Mr. Hugh Hamilton paid a glowing compliment to THE BRITISH-CALIFORNIAN for the noble stand it takes in the interests of the British in California. He said it should be in the home of every one in favor of an Anglo-American alliance.

Mr. James Pollitt spoke of the great benefits to be derived from an Anglo-American alliance. He showed by his remarks how much nearer it was coming every year and how the better class of Americans were in favor of it.

Messrs. Hunter, Ballingall and Graham contributed songs and recitations.

Mr. Kydd received many congratulations on his nomination for a second term as President of the Society. J. G.

CALEDONIAN CLUB.

THE San Francisco Caledonian Club's annual election of officers resulted as follows: Chief, A. M. Macpherson; First Chieftain, Andrew McNair; Second Chieftain, F. F. Finlay; Third Chieftain, James H. Duncan; Fourth Chieftain, J. W. Cameron; Physician, Dr. J. A. J. McDonald; Club Directors, A. Lauriston, J. P. McCormack, J. A. McLeod, Neil Lindsay, John A. McDonald; Scottish Hall Directors, Angus McLeod, C. A. McPhee, A. M. Macpherson, D. A. Macdonald, James Gorie.

The annual banquet will be given in Scottish Hall on Thursday evening the 27th inst. Extensive preparations have been made for this festive gathering and the indications are that it will be the most successful ever held under the auspices of the Club. The responses to the toasts will be made by the most able speakers that the Club can command, while the musical features will as usual be of the very best. Appropriate decorations will add to the attractiveness of the banquet hall.

SCOTTISH THISTLE CLUB.

THE course of the San Francisco Scottish Thistle Club seems to be upward and onward. Its membership is constantly growing. The following gentlemen have recently joined its ranks: Thos. C. Nixon, Robert McQueen, Alex. Macdonald, Wm. Shepherd, D. C. Neish and Walter Campbell and the prospects are that many others will be added to the roll at the next two meetings. The Games Committee is at present busily engaged in arranging for the Club's Nineteenth Annual Hogmanay Supper and Ball, which takes place at Shields' Building, 32 O'Farrell street, Monday evening, December 31, 1900. It promises to be a very pleasant affair.

If you have never tasted Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey, try it and be convinced that it is the best whiskey in the world.

Directory of British Societies.

SONS OF ST. GEORGE.

The Order Sons of St. George is a fraternal and social organization having branch lodges in all the principal cities of the United States and Canada. The benefits are a weekly payment in case of sickness; a death benefit on the decease of a member or his wife, and the services of a first class physician, with medicine, whenever necessary. In most lodges the dues are \$1 per month; social members 25 cents. Full particulars will be forwarded by the Secretary of any lodge on request.

Grand President.....Robert Sharp, Los Angeles, Cal.
Grand Secretary.....Thomas Poyser, 217 Eighth St., San Francisco.
Grand Treasurer.....F. Winterburn, San Francisco

SAN FRANCISCO.

BURNABY LODGE, No. 194.

Meets every Saturday evening at 32 O'Farrell St.
Worthy President.....A. W. Martin
Worthy Secretary.....R. J. Airey

PICKWICK LODGE, No. 259.

Meets Mondays at 102 O'Farrell St.
Worthy President.....H. J. Ford
Worthy Secretary.....T. Poyser

OAKLAND.

ALBION LODGE, No. 206.

Meets Friday evenings at Gier's Hall,
Worthy President.....W. Fish
Worthy Secretary.....J. J. Roberts

ALAMEDA.

DERBY LODGE, No. 285.

Meet Tuesdays at Linderman's Hall.
Worthy President.....Joseph Thompson
Worthy Secretary.....John Larkin

SAN JOSE, CAL.

VICTORY LODGE, No. 287.

Meets 2d and 4th Mondays, Pythias Hall.
Worthy President.....J. Hogarth
Worthy Sec'y.....E. W. Maynard, 112 S. First St.

SACRAMENTO.

JUBILEE LODGE, No. 424

Meets Thursday Evenings at Foresters' Building
Worthy President.....H. C. Muddox
Worthy Secretary.....F. J. S. Townsend, 1704 3d St.

GRASS VALLEY.

VICTORIA LODGE, No. 289.

Meets every Tuesday evening at Fraternal Hall.
Worthy President.....James Geach
Worthy Secretary.....M. M. Mitchell

LOS ANGELES.

ROYAL OAK LODGE, No. 220.

Meets Mondays at Kramer's Hall, Fifth St.
Worthy President.....Arthur Levy
W. Secretary.....H. W. Croft

PASADENA.

ALEXANDRA LODGE, No. 385.

Meets 2d and 4th Wednesdays in Knights of Pythias Hall, Colorado St.
Worthy President.....C. Shoebridge
W. Secretary.....Richard Thomas, Station A

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GLADSTONE LODGE, No. 434.

Meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays in each month.
Worthy President.....Daniel Olgers
Worthy Secretary.....H. W. Perkin

DAUGHTERS OF ST. GEORGE

SAN FRANCISCO.

BRITANNIA LODGE, No. 7.

Meets every Monday night at 909 1/2 Market St.
Worthy President.....Mrs. A. Price
Worthy Financial Secretary.....Mrs. H. Williams

OAKLAND.

GOLDEN GATE LODGE No. 78.

Meets Friday Evenings in Gier's Hall.
Worthy President.....Miss A. Rogers
Worthy Financial Secretary.....Mrs. L. A. Carney

CYTHRODORION SOCIETY.

Meets 3rd Monday of each month, at 305 Larkin
President.....Prof. Thos. Price
Recording Secretary.....W. C. Roberts

BRITISH BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.

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President.....Wm. Clayton Pickersgill
Secretary.....G. C. Woodward

ORDER OF SCOTTISH CLANS

CLAN FRASER, No. 78

OBJECTS OF THE CLAN

1st. The objects of the Clan shall be to establish a fund for the relief of sick Clansmen and to extend to them succor and sympathy "in time o' need."

2d. To institute and maintain a bequeathment fund for the benefit of widows and orphans of deceased Clansmen.

3d. To cultivate fond recollections of Scotland and to recall its history, its people, its customs, its amusements and the days o' Auld Lang Syne.

MEMBERSHIP

Active membership is confined to Scotchmen, sons or immediate descendants of sons of Scotchmen or Scotch-women, not under 18 years of age nor over 50 years.

BENEFITS

The Order pays death benefits of \$250, \$500, \$1,000 and \$2,000.

Active members, in case of sickness or accident, receive the sum of \$5.00 or \$7.50 per week, also physician's attendance, free of charge. Funeral benefit, \$25.00

FEES AND DUES

Active members, initiation fee, - \$3.00
Active members, monthly dues, 75c or 1.00
Honorary members, initiation fee, 3.00
Honorary members, yearly dues, - 2.00

The Clan meets twice a month, on the first and third Thursday evenings, at 32 O'Farrell Street, San Francisco.

Chief.....William Rae
Secretary.....William Cormack

CLAN MACDONALD, No 79.

Meets 2d and 4th Fridays of each month at Fraternal Hall, Oakland.

Chief.....J. A. McCarl
Secretary.....C. V. Wishart

CALEDONIAN CLUB.

SAN FRANCISCO.

Meets twice a month on the first and third Friday evenings, at Scottish Hall.

Chief.....A. Macpherson
Secretary and 3d Chieftain.....Jas. H. Duncan

SCOTTISH THISTLE CLUB.

SAN FRANCISCO.

Meets on the second and fourth Thursday evenings of each month at 32 O'Farrell St.

Royal Chief.....John Ross
Chieftain.....Alex. Strang
Recorder.....G. W. Paterson
Treasurer.....R. H. Murray
Financial Secretary.....J. Baxter
Property-man.....D. McLeod
Sergeant at Arms.....Neil Campbell

Trustees.....
J. Donaldson
P. Riddle
R. F. Wilson

ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY.

SAN FRANCISCO.

Meets Monday evenings; Scottish Hall.

President.....Allan Pollok
Recording Secretary.....G. St. John Brummer
Financial Secretary.....R. D. Colquhoun

OAKLAND.—Meets Thursdays, Enquirer Bldg.
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Secretary.....F. M. Davidson

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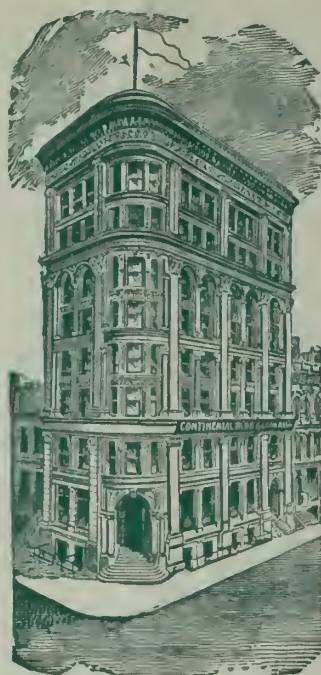
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